THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XII. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. NO. 41 ANN STREET. NEW YORK, JULY 11, 1857. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 18.

I THINK OF THEE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

When the rich dyes of evening are filling
The glorious west,
And many like a living rainbow is thrilling
The sunset's breast—
When ever a low wind is scarce awe-calling
From every tree,
And down the dim valley the flowers are falling,
I think of thee!

When the young graveyard moon is evenly gleaming
Through twilight bowers,
And hushly beneath the deep leaves are dreaming
Of spring's first flowers—
When nocturnal sounds and silent sparks are coming
Up heaven's blue air,
And the sweet hour thrills all the chords of feeling,
I think of thee.

When the lone river's cadences are swelling
Upon the ear,
And the deep volume of the night air telling
Their wizard tale—
When love's eye-star through mists and dews beshining
On vale and hill,
Oh, then a thousand lonely hearts are gazing,
Sweet girl, for thee.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, OF THE OCEAN, AND OF OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ORION, THE GOLD-SEEKER;" "THE STEWARDESS OF MORRO;" "ARDEL, THE OUTCAST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

Barnabas rested his narrow brow upon two fingers, and pondered, and then he added—

"I see it all but the *false* part of it. You'd better never claim to be the boy's parent."

"I have thought of that myself. However, there's plenty of time to fix that."

"Certainly—plenty. So I see it all, now—all. I understand it now, sir."

"And now about the prize?"

"Why—look ye: There's to be expense, here, sir—considerable expense."

"All of which I will pay."

"Oh—ah—very well."

"Come, Mr. Lattimore—out with it. Let's have that settled at once."

"But how long am I to have anything to do with this?"

"You shall help me as I may require, until the boy is safely off."

"Well," said the clerk, with a sudden settling of his whole long frame into a state of determination real, "the figure has come to me. It seems to be a sort of a prophetic intelligence that has whispered—*ten thousand dollars!*"

"Ten thousand angels!"

"Exactly, my friend. They'll be angels to you if they give you two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Two hundred and *fifty?* Where'd you find that fifty?"

"O—that's easily accounted for. You told me once two hundred thousand. Of course I suppose there must be some other property—jewels, house, perhaps—bonus—so on."

"You flatterand."

"You agree, then?"

Christopher Huntley gazed at that waistcoat button again, and thought. The matter grew in his thoughts very plainly, and concluded to help him.

"Remember," the sooty agent must be ready at my moment to attend you. I must be responsible for much; and all for you."

"Well," said the false brother, "you shall have it."

"When?"

"When I get the money."

"I have your word?"

"You have. Do you want more?"

"No. In matters of this kind writings are worth but little. You can't depend upon them unless you keep them; and if you keep them, an chance to one that they don't mysteriously appear to your own ruin when you are looking for them. No. If you say you'll give me the ten thousand dollars, I shall be sure to get them if you get your prize."

"And now to business," cried Hantley, anxiously. "Now you can explain. How must I be made guardian of the boy and his property?"

"You say the mother is perfectly willing?"

"Not only willing, but anxious."

"Then that is simple enough. You must get an instrument from her, directing that you be appointed guardian over her child. This may be witnessed by me, or by some one else; and certified by the Probate office. This you will take to New Orleans, and there you will present yourself to the Orphan's Court. I don't know what the court is called there; but that matters not. You will present your documents, and they will then give you letters of guardianship. You will have to give ample security for the true performance of your duties. Can you do that?"

"Yes—I think I can."

"Then it is all very simple. Only I would have the business all done upon the fact that the father is dead."

"O—I mean that. She won't be particular about scrutinizing the instrument."

"That's good."

"And now," resumed Huntley, "I must go with me and see her. I promised her I would bring a lawyer."

"I will go."

"You have a better suit than that?"

"Yes."

"Then suppose you get ready to go with me at four o'clock this afternoon? In the meantime you can be writing out the letter I ... me, and which she is to sign. Mind that you have it strong. I am to be a bona fide guardian; and it must be expressly understood that I am to invest an much of the property—all of it, if I please—in this city. You know how to put it."

"I understand all that, sir. Your letter shall be prepared; and I will be ready to accompany you at the time specified."

"You will remember all the points. You know I want no leaks. All must be safe and sure."

"I understand you. I have an interest—ten thousand—I shall not be likely to leave a link for that. One moment, sir. Now, if you please:—Names—ages—places—dates—distances."

While then speaking, Barnabas Latimore had spread out the half of an old letter, which happened to have a blank page, and prepared to note down the facts he needed to govern him in filling up the instrument he was to prepare. Huntley gave them to him as he asked for them, and finally he had them all down, even to the present position of every dollar of invested or deposited property.

This done, the dark uncle arose and took his hat. He moved to the door—stopped—hesitated—and gazed into the attorney's vulture-like face.

"Never mind," he said, as though he had just shaken off a doubt. "There is no danger."

"If there is danger," returned the shark, in that old slow, emphatic tone, "you will meet it at the hands of Christopher Huntley!"

"I have no fear. At four—remember. Good day."

The false brother was soon in the street; and people who noticed him wondered why he walked so fast, and why he kept his eyes upon the pavement.

But Barnabas Latimore no one saw, save that Infinite One who knew his heart; and who saw in all the ten out more lines of crime added to the long, dark column which the recording angel had already put down against him!

CHAPTER IV.

THE PLOT IS SEALED.

The physician sent Bion from the room. He knew the boy's nature of sensitive feeling, and consequently wished not to speak too plainly before him. The little fellow cast a quick, apprehensive glance into his mother's face, but she smiled sweetly upon him, and he seemed to feel easier.

"I sent your child away, Mrs. Huntley, because it becomes my painful duty to speak some words to you which had better come to his ear from your lips."

He stopped to remark the effect of his words; and he saw that she was very calm and resigned.

"If you wish to call in any other physician you can do so," he resumed. "I would urge you to do so if you think you would feel better satisfied. And further, if you wish, I will call a few of my professional friends in, and hold a consultation. I shall not feel satisfied if you have a will unreserved."

"As far as you are concerned, doctor," the woman replied, in a low, calm tone, "I am not only perfectly satisfied, but I am grateful for your kindness and attention. I have the fullest confidence in your judgment, and ask for nothing more. If I thought there was need of a consultation I should freely request it. If I thought there might be in this city another physician who could do for me what you cannot do, I should frankly request you to send him to me. And, furthermore, if I had a lingering hope of recovery, I should ask you to strain every nerve in my behalf. But I have none of these feelings. If you can render my short stay on earth in any degree comfortable, I wish you to do it."

"Then you have no hopes of recovery?"

"None at all."

"And you feel that you cannot live long?"

"I have been assured of it for some time."

"Mrs. Huntley, you have removed a load from my heart. The most disagreeable duty in all my professional routine is that of informing a patient, and especially a mother, that earthly hope is at an end. That duty I knew I must perform here to-day; and I was anxious to have some business to arrange. You have a child, and, I suppose, some property."

"Yes, sir; and I have made arrangements to have all attended to."

"And—I am glad of that. Will you have it done soon?"

"This very day, sir."

"Then you have friends here?"

"Yes, sir;—a brother of my husband is here."

"Ah—I was not aware of that. Then you are well provided for. You—you I am glad. I know you were not generally regarded favorably; and I feared that you might find no one in whom you could trust. I would have offered my services, but it is better as it is."

As the physician then spoke he took the invalid's wrist and felt her pulse.

"Doctor," she said, with a perceptible tremor of the voice, "you asked me if I would have my husband attended to soon. You can probably judge something of the power I have left to express. Tell me frankly: How long will I stay here?"

"Why—I could not give a positive answer to such a question. I have known persons to linger along several weeks after all hope was gone. Only a month ago I left a female patient in the evening, and on my way home I called upon the undertaker, and requested him that his services would in all probability be needed on the following day; and when I got up upon the next day before I had three weeks after that. That is—she breathed, and seemed to realize that she lived; but she did nothing, and, I think, knew no one from the time I first mentioned. An ounce of wine per day was all she took. I may, however, assure you of one thing. Your present amount of vitality must soon be exhausted. I should say that it could not sustain you over ninety-six hours. You may not survive so long."

During this time Mrs. Huntley had been gazing the man calmly in the face, and, as he concluded, she bowed her head, and a shudder seemed to creep through her frame. When she looked up again she cast a quick, rapid, apprehensive glance into his mother's face, but she smiled sweetly upon him, and he seemed to feel easier.

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THE PLOTTERS AND THE DYING MOTHER.

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seen lifted from my shoulders! Bellinda—live—live, and he will set you free yet!"

She had no more doubt. She bent over the paper—the pen moved—there was a trace there—a light, delicate trace—a'ale hand yet, for all its tremulousness—and it cried to them pencil-ic it was to read to many others—it was to signal its hours of light, and its hours of darkness and terror—a name held deep in mortal mourning by one who had far better have died to that first hour of its tremble from, than have lived the years that were to lead him to manhood—the name—Horace Hunter.

With a nervous movement, but not with a misgiving sentence of one who held such a release of emotion in his bosom as did he, Christopher Hunsley handed the paper to the gentleman who stood nearest him. He took the pen, but, somehow, the words "witnessed by," he wrote his name—"Charles T. Wemyss."

The next signed, and Hunsley read—"Jones U. Abercrosse." He thanked them in behalf of his sister, and they then left the apartment.

The first man watched the door until it had closed upon the retiring clerks, and then, with a nervous, excited movement, he drew forth the letter, meant into his pocket. There was a demoniac gleam upon his face, and his hands clung together as though they already held masses of gold!

"Perhaps you'd like to look this paper over to-morrow yourself?" he said, as he opened the secretary, pushed back upon the invalid's face.

"Perhaps, brother—I should like to examine quietly. I have no doubt; but, ed—I should like to read it what I am signing! I do not wish to leave no distrust—but you know a mother's feelings."

"Certainly, Bellinda—certainly. And the moment I see you put your name to it, and I received that you should have opportunity to read it over and study it for yourself. I am not such a fiend to mistrust me—and if you are not able to see me, I will read it up to you, if you wish."

While speaking thus, Christopher had been moving towards the bell-cord, and with the last word was up to it, he pulled. In a moment a servant entered.

"Your mistress waits you now, Lida. You had better get lights for that thing. Good evening, Bellinda. I hope I may find you better when next I must be going, for I am in a hurry. I have a house to look at in College place—a large, beautiful one, I think of taking there—and—ah! I hope they may realize it—I pray that you may yet live and move in with me. Good evening—Angels keep you!"

And thus speaking, the black-hearted brother hurried from the room.

What did ye tell her ye'd bring her that paper to-morrow for? What did he say anything about it for?" asked Barnabas, as they walked along, without listeners near them.

"Can't you see a hole through a ladder?" returned Hunsley, with a touch of scorn.

"I think I can see a hole through some ladders, and perhaps through the one that Christopher Hunsley hopes to climb to a fortune on!"

"Ah—old fellow, you don't know everything yet. Couldn't you see by that woman's face that she was very nervous and uneasy?"

"Perhaps I did."

"Well—don't you know that her uneasiness was all on account of that paper?"

"Why think?"

"And don't ye know that she was just upon the very point of asking me to leave it with her?"

"I didn't see that."

"Well—I did. I watched her, and I saw her great, soft eyes hunting for the paper she'd signed. I knew she was going to ask me to leave it with her, so that she could read it. Don't it seem natural that she should? Would a mother like her suffer it to be otherwise?"

"Why didn't she read it at first then?" said Barnabas, more for the purpose of holding out than anything else.

"Why didn't she? Are you blind? Do the doctor's pipe, old chap, I should think you have all'n talk to help along this work if you can't think quicker than that. Do you suppose a woman so sick as she is would stop business, and keep us all standing there, while she whisked through it, or strange hand-writing after her own when I was right there to tell it! No. I knew she'd ask me for it; and if she did not know that I knew that she wanted it a minute if I'd refused it. I might have made the best excuse in the world, and she would have worked upon her nervous fears. But when I came in touch the subject, she felt better; and I hadn't hurried it on, and she'd gone without giving me a chance, she'd have asked me for it at it soon."

"Yes—you did work that pretty well, and how do you mean to work the rest?"

"Why?" said Hunsley, "when I first spoke I meant to carry the thing away, and then forgot to carry it back. When she'd ask for it I'd wonder, and make stranger at my forgetfulness. But I've got a better idea since. You are still good at imitating autographs, ain't you?"

"—ah! Don't mention such things too loud," whispered the attorney, gazing quickly around. "You—I can do it."

"Then we'll make another letter, and have it worded just as I tell you, and you do her. You can get on the names, you know, only being careful to have her's right. Nobody'll see that but me."

This was speedily arranged; and having taken supper at a neighboring drinking-cellar, they went at once to the dark office, and there completed the plan for the deception of a dying mother!

CHAPTER V.

THE COMING.

On the day following the signing of the letter last paper Christopher Hunsley called upon his sister-in-law, and she directed that he should be admitted. He came in, and ascended a Judas like upon her head, and then, having told her that she certainly looked better, he gave her a down-ward to read. She took it, and looked at the signatures, then read her own, and she read the two names of the two witnesses; and she read the name of Barnabas Lattimore as the justice before whom it had all been done. After she commenced at the beginning of the page, and read it carefully through.

"I think it is all right," she said, after she had read perhaps not a score of a second time.

"If there is anything in which you would like to have changed, we will do it now," returned Hunsley. "I wish it to be perfectly satisfactory to you."

"I see nothing there out of the way," the mother returned, gazing thoughtfully upon the open sheet. "I think it is all right."

"I think so, too, my sister. The value of the instrument only consists in its power of preventing any other party from interfering in the child's affairs. Of course my duty is plain."

"I am much obliged to you, brother. But I feel confident—"

She looked out a moment, and then added,—

"I feel confident that when I see that lawyer's clerk in the evening I can accept with a sudden and grateful fate. O, what a load—"

"Yes, poor Arthur!" responded Hunsley, sympathetically. "And he'll always have to carry it, too. The flames absolutely burned away half of his face. It is a terrible thing for it. The lives of those two sweet children, and the deep gratitude of their parents, more than make up for the child's death."

"Parents? I thought you said their mother was a widow?"

"Their mother! O—ah—yes. O, yes—I remember. I was speaking of Arthur. He would be a widow. When I first spoke I was thinking of the two children that he rescued from drowning only a few weeks since. They had a father and mother. O—he is a noble, generous man. I love him!"

"Then he is another regard," she said, looking at the paper, and then closed her eyes. The effort made in reading had been too much for her, and she said so. Christopher was not sorry, for he was anxious to get away.

Bellinda sank into an uneasy slumber, and when she awoke she felt very faint and dizzy. She told Lida she would be carried to her bed. The faithful girl took her mistress up, and carried her across the entries and down the stairs.

"Ah, missus—you's fadin' all away. You needn't feel so heavy, missus, when I lift!"

"I know I am light, Lida.—There,—That will do.—Now sit down and don't let any fly get upon my face."

The girl did as she was directed; and ere long Mrs. Hunter was quite asleep. When she next awoke the sun was shining into the room. She spoke to Lida, and the girl left the apartment to call a doctor.

The girl wondered why her mistress should wish to die so carefully to her; but she answered the question by stating that the clouds were all gone, and that the sun was shining in the sky.

"Is Mr. Christopher here?" the invalid asked.

"No, missus."

"I must see him, Lida. You know where he stops?"

"No. Lizzy knows."

"Then run and tell Lizzy to hurry off and tell Mr. Christopher that I must see him at once. Tell her he must bring that paper with him. He will understand."

Lizzy received the errand, and started off at once for the hotel where Christopher stopped. She went him in, and he told her that he would go along.

And he was as good as his word. He found his sister-in-law in her bed; and the moment he looked upon her he knew that the dread crisis was near. He was no mistaking that strange color of the lips; that now, fitful glare of the eye; and that dry, cold sweat of the brow.

"My brother—there is one thing I forgot—I neglected to tell you. I have a child by my side. I saw there was a black place on the paper."

"Yes, Bellinda. I had that in my purpose so that you might have anything added you wished."

"O—thank you. Get a pen and ink, and sit up here, and I will write on the table.—There—that will do. *Now write:—Here shall not, on any account whatever, be any mention made of my darling child, he separated from the two fine girls, Lida and Lizzy, my servants!* Have you got that down?"

"Yes."

"Then add,—*It is all matters of his nursery care, and generally according to the healthy welfare, for he and she shall have full charge. They are the servants of my child, left him by my will, and under no condition but that of death, or some abrogation of law, shall they leave him at all.*" Write that."

"It is written."

"I forget it. But I have been dreaming of it. I feared that I was not able to write the girls; so that you might not want them about. But you'll understand it."

"With my utmost care, sister."

"Then—if we don't meet again, you'll be faithful. You'll tell Gideon all. You'll be very kind to Him! You'll be kind to Lida and Lizzy, too. They are good girls, dear. I shall leave them each a find bonus elsewhere, but Him will be brighter with them. Do you understand? I wish you to sign your charge. As you keep your faith with your dying sister, so may God do unto you! *Do I not* do all that I can for you?"

"Yes—You do," whispered the dark man, turning his eyes away.

"*As you keep your faith with your dying sister, so may God do unto you!*" repeated she.

Ah, Christopher Hunsley, in long years from now you shall remember those words! Aye—in long years after the last of your victims shall have died, shall with that in that terrible hour, when dost the last remembrance of your life, you shall hear that sound! Yes, Christopher Hunsley—in the night of your life, when you shall be old, and gray, and feeble, and the weight of sorrows bows you down, you shall remember those words, and they shall be the very prayer that you shall ask for—but You prayer shall—when mortal vision fails—when the dark shadows of the Mystic Hereafter—then shall those words breathe upon your lips, and you shall pass away with the dread memory of this hour upon you!

Christopher Hunsley sought the fresh air, and as he reached the pavement he muttered to himself,—

"Where's that lawyer's clerk? Why don't he bring for me? Pshaw! Don't everybody get wealth if they can?"

And with this idea for consolation he walked on.

As the dark uncle left the chamber Hon entered, and when he saw that his mother was awake he removed noiselessly to her side. She saw him, and with a quick, energetic movement, she placed her upon her bosom as though she would shield him from some impending evil!

"Mother!" the boy said, "why do you breathe so curiously?"

The dying woman laid her child from her. She gazed into his face a few moments, and then replied,—

"Hon—my son—I must leave you. I am going away, and you will have a mother no more on earth!"

The boy looked up, and upon his handsome features there was a look of deep amazement.

"Going away?" he repeated, breathlessly. "Going to leave Him? O, no—you cannot. You will take me with you, won't you?"

"Ah, Hon, you know not what you say. I am dying, my child. Fun leaving this scene of pain and trial. My spirit will go away and be with God, and this poor body they will bury in the ground. But you will not be wholly without a mother. God will be with you—and you will—"

"*Dying?*" whispered the boy, in a sort of frightened accent. "Dying as Uncle Pomp died?—as Aunt Lucy and Chloe died?"

"Yes, Hon."

The child heaved his head, and covered his face with his hands. Finally he looked up, and while a new light loomed upon his face, he said,—

"I have it, mamma. You are going to be with God, as you told me all poor souls would be?"

"Yes."

"Then we won't be separated, mamma. I'll go, too. You will let me go, won't you? I am good I have always been just as good as I could. But wouldn't refuse me. And then you will be much happier to have me with you, wouldn't you?"

The mother made her child come more to her bosom, and the tears which she had thus far restrained at their parents, more than make up for the cold world.

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"Their mother! O—ah—yes. O, yes—I remember. I was speaking of Arthur. He would be a widow. When I first spoke I was thinking of the two children that he rescued from drowning only a few weeks since. They had a father and mother. O—he is a noble, generous man. I love him!"

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Ah, Christopher Hunsley, in long years from now you shall remember those words! Aye—in long years after the last of your victims shall have died, shall with that in that terrible hour, when dost the last remembrance of your life, you shall hear that sound! Yes, Christopher Hunsley—in the night of your life, when you shall be old, and gray, and feeble, and the weight of sorrows bows you down, you shall remember those words, and they shall be the very prayer that you shall ask for—but You prayer shall—when mortal vision fails—when the dark shadows of the Mystic Hereafter—then shall those words breathe upon your lips, and you shall pass away with the dread memory of this hour upon you!

Christopher Hunsley sought the fresh air, and as he reached the pavement he muttered to himself,—

"Where's that lawyer's clerk? Why don't he bring for me? Pshaw! Don't everybody get wealth if they can?"

And with this idea for consolation he walked on.

As the dark uncle left the chamber Hon entered, and when he saw that his mother was awake he removed noiselessly to her side. She saw him, and with a quick, energetic movement, she placed her upon her bosom as though she would shield him from some impending evil!

"Mother!" the boy said, "why do you breathe so curiously?"

The dying woman laid her child from her. She gazed into his face a few moments, and then replied,—

"Hon—my son—I must leave you. I am going away, and you will have a mother no more on earth!"

The boy looked up, and upon his handsome features there was a look of deep amazement.

"Going away?" he repeated, breathlessly. "Going to leave Him? O, no—you cannot. You will take me with you, won't you?"

"Ah, Hon, you know not what you say. I am dying, my child. Fun leaving this scene of pain and trial. My spirit will go away and be with God, and this poor body they will bury in the ground. But you will not be wholly without a mother. God will be with you—and you will—"

"*Dying?*" whispered the boy, in a sort of frightened accent. "Dying as Uncle Pomp died?—as Aunt Lucy and Chloe died?"

"Yes, Hon."

The child heaved his head, and covered his face with his hands. Finally he looked up, and while a new light loomed upon his face, he said,—

"I have it, mamma. You are going to be with God, as you told me all poor souls would be?"

"Yes."

"Then we won't be separated, mamma. I'll go, too. You will let me go, won't you? I am good I have always been just as good as I could. But wouldn't refuse me. And then you will be much happier to have me with you, wouldn't you?"

The mother made her child come more to her bosom, and the tears which she had thus far restrained at their parents, more than make up for the cold world.

"Parents? I thought you said their mother was a widow?"

"Their mother! O—ah—yes. O, yes—I remember. I was speaking of Arthur. He would be a widow. When I first spoke I was thinking of the two children that he rescued from drowning only a few weeks since. They had a father and mother. O—he is a noble, generous man. I love him!"

"Is Mr. Christopher here?" the invalid asked.

"No. Lizzy knows."

"No, no. Our doctor couldn't be hired to do that. Only condition on which he'll touch it—he shall have charge of the boy until he puts him on his pegs again. Look—boy—sick—dying—by'm by the two wooden legged of an night and morning somewhere. Boy grows sicker fast—find dead boy somewhere in bounds of poverty—buy it—put it in coffin—label it, 'Dam Humbug.' Put in papers 'Miserable Death!' If the boy looker near enough like Dick they'll be wondered and he'll see him. Dick in with a friend of mine getting bet for all this shebang."

"Good!" whispered Christopher, deeply and thoughtfully. "But we must move Dick from where he is at first."

"Of course; you must. We must have him where no knowing eyes can see him."

"And you can do all this?"

"Very easily."

"And your doctor is to be trusted?"

"The very soul of honor."

"Good. Now when will we begin?"

"The sooner the better. You'd better have the boy moved at once."

"But we must have some safe place—some place where we can feed same."

"I can take you to such a place this very evening."

"Then I'll be here. Or, suppose you meet me at the ending cellar where we took our last meal together?"

"Yes—I'll meet you there at half-past five."

"I'll be there."

With this Mr. Hunkley left the attorney and proceeded to the house in Chambers, where his nephew was boarding. The boy had recovered something of his usual spirit, but the peculiar childishness was gone, and his mercurial and quick speech seemed to belong to a mind of mature thought and perception. He received his uncle politely, but coldly, and with a perceptible shudder. He asked after some of the boys who could be remembered in New Orleans; and also hoped his uncle had a pleasant voyage.

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Christopher Hunkley started at this speech, and an uneasy look rested upon his face. But he concealed it as quickly as possible, for he was the large, brawn eyes of the child fixed searchingly upon him.

"I will find a good place," he said; "so you may rest easy upon that point."

The uncle did not feel easy in the presence of his victim; and he now very plainly that the feeling was mutual, so he withdrew soon after, and made known his plans.

At the appointed hour the two confederates met at the sailing-cellar, and found a stall out of the way of eavesdroppers.

"You took," remarked Lastlunce, as the other poured out a glass of wine, and then pushed the bottle over.

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"I'll tell you," resumed the guardian, setting down his glass. "That confounded boy is altogether too old. You'd think to hear him talk, he was a man grown. He has no eye to business as soon as you please, and expresses his opinions as readily as you or I would. By the pipe of peace, I'm afraid he won't forget all this when he grows up. Why—he asked after people in New Orleans just as though he had some important business with them. He's too bright by an immense deal."

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"Are you confident?" asked Hunkley, eagerly.

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"You know very well what I mean," said Mrs. Archer, with a tone of her head. "Where are you going now?"

The young lady turned her back upon the glass, and answered indifferently—

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"Very true—but every one does not go there or you do; and every one does not have such remarks made about them, either."

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There was a tender mellow light in the large dark orbs of Helen, as her mother spoke, that made them seem more beautiful than ever. If John De Forest could but have copied that glance in his portrait of her, which had been kept in the artist's dressing-room only the week before! But the eyes there, were cold and proud, and dazzlingly bright—that was all.

"I hope you are above listening to any such reports, mother, as those," said the young girl, proud, as she glided to the door, with a dreamy smile softening her brilliant features. "But listen, you know, to go to John De Forest's studio, as he is to go to the opera—and I they my engagements."

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Mrs. Archer rose and looked out from the window she vanished her darling step into the carriage and rode away. Right down to the pier she watched her, and then went back to her seat, and began to think.

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"To Thompson's, perhaps, to eat an ice," and the willful lips curved still with a suppressed smile.

Mrs. Archer saw it, and grew more and more offended majesty.

"And after that, Miss Helen, I suppose you will both visit John De Forest, in his studio. Studio indeed! I wish every man who presumes to set up such a place was put in the Tombs! Do you and Grace Armstrong intend to finish your morning there? Why don't you speak, Miss Archer?"

"It is barely possible—or rather—it is very probable—we may," said the young lady, with the fastening of her gloves. "And why not? Every one goes to see John De Forest's studio."

"Very true—but every one does not go there or you do; and every one does not have such remarks made about them, either."

"What do you mean, mother?"

"Fancy my feelings when I read the horrid old weekly, Colonel Daggett, came up to me last night at the party, and congratulated me on my approaching marriage with the 'distinguished young artist,' as he called him! Right before the ladies, everybody, too—the last man on earth I would have imagine such a thing."

There was a tender mellow light in the large dark orbs of Helen, as her mother spoke, that made them seem more beautiful than ever. If John De Forest could but have copied that glance in his portrait of her, which had been kept in the artist's dressing-room only the week before! But the eyes there, were cold and proud, and dazzlingly bright—that was all.

"I hope you are above listening to any such reports, mother, as those," said the young girl, proud, as she glided to the door, with a dreamy smile softening her brilliant features. "But listen, you know, to go to John De Forest's studio, as he is to go to the opera—and I they my engagements."

She waved her hand and left the room.

Mrs. Archer rose and looked out from the window she vanished her darling step into the carriage and rode away. Right down to the pier she watched her, and then went back to her seat, and began to think.

"I'll be there. Or, suppose you meet me at the ending cellar where we took our last meal together?"

"Yes—I'll meet you there at half-past five."

"I'll be there."

With this Mr. Hunkley left the attorney and proceeded to the house in Chambers, where his nephew was boarding. The boy had recovered something of his usual spirit, but the peculiar childishness was gone, and his mercurial and quick speech seemed to belong to a mind of mature thought and perception. He received his uncle politely, but coldly, and with a perceptible shudder. He asked after some of the boys who could be remembered in New Orleans; and also hoped his uncle had a pleasant voyage.

"Well, Ben," said the guardian, "I have been looking for a home, and I think I have found one within visit-a-t. We will move to it soon, and remain there until your father comes home."

"Where is it?" the boy asked.

"I don't know which one I shall take yet, my child."

"I hope you will find a pleasant one, for of course I shall not consent to live in a poor place."

Christopher Hunkley started at this speech, and an uneasy look rested upon his face. But he concealed it as quickly as possible, for he saw the large, brown eyes of the child fixed searchingly upon him.

"I will find a good place," he said; "so you may rest easy upon that point."

The uncle did not feel easy in the presence of his victim; and he now very plainly that the feeling was mutual, so he withdrew soon after, and made known his plans.

At the appointed hour the two confederates met at the sailing-cellar, and found a stall out of the way of eavesdroppers.

"You took," remarked Lastlunce, as the other poured out a glass of wine, and then pushed the bottle over.

"Do I?" returned Hunkley, without betraying any surprise.

"You do, most certainly. What's turned up?"

"I'll tell you," resumed the guardian, setting down his glass. "That confounded boy is altogether too old. You'd think to hear him talk, he was a man grown. He has no eye to business as soon as you please, and expresses his opinions as readily as you or I would. By the pipe of peace, I'm afraid he won't forget all this when he grows up. Why—he asked after people in New Orleans just as though he had some important business with them. He's too bright by an immense deal."

"And you'll make no reason for changing, but say—keep on?"

Hunkley smarted, and passed his hand across his brow.

"No, no," he said. "I can't do that."

"You misunderstand me," rejoined the attorney. "I had no thought of that. What I meant was this: Dick children don't generally live long. Didn't ye never notice it. Some people wonder why so bright children are taken off so early, but it is a perfectly natural. Great head—head working and brain made for the body—wears it out. D'ye understand?"

"Ah—yes—I see now."

"But still," added Lastlunce, "I don't share in your apprehensions. I believe if the boy is taken care—or shall be taken care—of by some one in charge of some one who will labor steadily and persistently to oppress upon his plastic brain of his parentage he will forget all about his present knowledge. Don't be uneasy on that score. I'll find you a person who'll take the boy for a reasonable price, and engage to drive every particle of distinct idea out of his head."

"Are you confident?" asked Hunkley, eagerly.

"Yes—I am. You are not the first one who has had the kind of work to do. Let me explain,—or, rather, let me relate a case as I had it from a friend: A few the age of six years was taken from a house of wealth and ease, and placed with a woman who understood her business well. She set to have the boy brought up to believe that his parents were dead, and had died when he was an infant; and that he had then been taken and kept a few years by a person named Jones. The name of his parents was Dalton. She made him his own nurse, and then commenced to divert his mind from the memory of his early life. At the end of a year she began to tell him about his parents that died long before, adding on. At first he denied it; but by and by she shook his confidence, and finally, by keeping the invented story before him continually, she began to believe it herself all the while. There is no trouble, sir."

Christopher Hunkley felt more easy after this assurance; and when he retired to his rest that night he felt his fortune already closing upon the wealth of his lost brother!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

MOONSHINE.—It is surprising that a reputation has not been made to exclude persons in the garb of mourning from places of gaiety, lest the semblance of their dress give rise to sadness; but probably the attention has proceeded from a considerateness, that the spectators are as little moved by the trappings of grief as the wearers by the sentiment

And—It is strange that when youth gives us the prospect of a long life, we seldom think of rationally providing for its enjoyment; but when the term of it has been abridged by the flight of its best years, we become anxious to secure the comforts of the brief portion that remains to us.

LOVE AND VANITY.—Half the errors attributed to love have their source in vanity; and many a person has made sacrifices to this unworthy passion, who would have successfully resisted pleadings or affection.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1857.

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PRIVATE MORALS IN PUBLIC LIFE.

More than once in our days we have found it urged in regard to public men, local and national, that their private morality had nothing to do with their public life, and that society had no business to discuss the former to the prejudice of the latter. We totally dissent from such doctrine. The people, who make up the body politic, have a vast deal at stake on the question of the private as well as the public morals of public men. The whole character of these is necessarily and justly, made the test of how far they are entitled to public confidence and respect. After Burnaby had been elected member to Congress, Athens by the helm of a golden cup, could Athens be expected longer to respect and confide in her statesman? Were Demosthenes thereafter up for Athenian suffrage ought he to vote them, though his eloquence were more than mortal, and his genius without compeer? Or, should Athenian thereafter overlook, under party influence, the meanness, the corruption that had tarnished their orator's name and fame? No height of popular place, no amount of genius, could save Lord Bacon from the public infamy due to his grasping and public misdeeds. His was justly execrated and overwhelmed by them.

The higher the position occupied or aspired to, in public as in private life, the more should the honest should be the scrutiny of those who great or evade the position. The press and public have every thing to do with the lives and morals of men who seek to be their public servants and rulers and servants. The character of the people and country is at stake in the matter, and their morals and intelligence may well be judged by those of their public representatives. The man of vicious private life cannot be expected, whatever his talents, to be virtuous and patriotic simply because elevated to public place and trust. He will, more or less, carry his private morals into his public life. Caligula and Nero had talent enough, but it was devilish, especially when spurred by their atrocious moral instincts and aptitudes. Mont was a man of tact and talent, but his moral nature made him a traitor to his country.

The people are always safe when they elevate such men as Fabricius and Aristides—men whose private lives are the guaranty of their public virtues. Men who are discreditable in private life we would hold discreditable in public life. We admit the too common notion that man may be anything, publicly, without standing high in private life, we do we less abominate the doctrine that a man may be anything and everything in private life, without, publicly speaking, being a thing in the public report. We know but one kind of morals, and that kind which is the same in the high everywhere, and the good man good everywhere.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Eighty-one years ago the heroic fathers of our Republic declared their country free and independent, and called upon the world to witness the truth of the declaration. Many a pledge of their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. How nobly they kept inviolate that Declaration, and under what trials—what unwavering fidelity, what heroic courage, what genius—what suffering from destitution and famine—what horrors of burning dwellings, ravaged fields, and bleeding hearts, and such a conqueror, we all have read and wept over. There is not a girl in the land but has sung over the history of our country in her heart and tuneful eyes, nor a boy but has felt his bosom swell with unquenchable emotion, and regretted he was not born, as he has read the story of the heroic and their sacrifices, of the sufferings and heroic devotedness, no familiar to every mind and dear to every heart. And as the anniversary comes on of those days, as we, freed from our cares and our cares, go forth to the enjoyment of the pure atmosphere under God we owe to those brave and self-denying old fathers, let us remember those whose names are scattered from Maine to Georgia mouldering beneath the sod of the battlefield, and hallowing their memory with a tear of gratitude, remember that we too will to discharge the duties of our station, whether it be conspicuous or humble. But in after years our memories shall in like manner be enshrined in the hearts of admiring and grateful descendants.

DISSOLUTION.—One of the most marked characteristics of our day is a restless neglect of principle, and a rigid adherence to the mere letter of

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PEEPS AT PHILADELPHIA.

NUMBER FIVE.

And this is Philadelphia! All hail, Philadelphia! Where a lady's sobbing fingers may be counted from the New York Battery to Harlem—holding off dirty pavements; where the women have the good taste, in dress, to eschew the gaudy tulip, and to manifest the lily; where the shops are unknown, or at least so modified as to forego distressing glare; where the shop-keepers know how to be civil to their own sex, and do not keep you standing in a row by the door after you have been a-hill, while with bank eye and extended forefinger they peruse that ominous called the "Counterfeit Detector." Where the goods, not better than in New York, save in their more quiet hue, are cheaper—and where a customer's unwilling threat; where omnibus drivers do not expectorate into the coach-windows, or mutilate the panels of their vehicles against the roof, thumping for your fare, or start their horses before you have had time to leave the door of what has nearly proved to so many of us the *final* step where the mother's arm could hold! Guy deserve a paragraph by themselves.

Ye gods! what butter! Shall I ever again swallow the tasteless compounds called butter in New York? That I—Fanny Fern—should have lived to my years, and never known the bliss of tasting Philadelphia butter!—never seen those pearly, pouch, cool-as-cucumber-looking balls of green leaf, reposing so temptingly, and crying, each one, so eloquently, from the snow white tablet on which, "Dear Mother" was written, that I should be fed on such crisp vegetables, such fresh fruit, such delicious meats, and such bread, that I should come dripping to their mouths from their native soil—that I should be so tempted to eat—to be carried home, instead of crawling by inch! Why should the most circumscribed and frugal of housekeepers, she who with the smallest purse of her husband's dinner, be able to dazzle his eyes with delicacies? Why should the strawberries be so big and dewy and luscious? Why should the veal and chickens and asparagus and lettuce ——— Great Cæsar! what have the Philadelphians done that they should shine in such splendor? Answer me!

Here it is!

Here is the reward of virtue—*It is the smile of Heaven on men who are too cheerful to puff tobacco smoke in their face when beauty and beguiler are about.* They have no cigar divan, no bar-room, no bowling-alley and roly-poly. Kissable, scantily-dressed children. Not a cigar-stump in the gutter. Not a drunken, tobo-dego, into their blessed home-sanctuaries, disgusting their wives and children and servants. They deserve that their bright-eyed sons should be educated in a noble institution like "The Central High School of Philadelphia," and that their fair daughters should be sent to a boarding-school where they can learn all those accomplishments which will be a blessing to them in their future homes. They deserve that their bright-eyed sons should be educated in a noble institution like "The Central and sparagus and lettuce ——— Great Cæsar! what have the Philadelphians done that they should shine in such splendor? Answer me!

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——I love to linger in cemeteries. And so in company with an artist, I visited Laurel Hill, one odd of the most beautiful City Farm, to whose hospitality, with that of its lovely wife, I am much indebted for many a kind favor. The pretty word "Old Mortality" at its entrance needs no explanation from me. Many a tombstone have I wanted in gazing at it. I like cemeteries, but I like not elaborate monuments, or marble lies over mouldering bones. I like simple inscriptions, (where the boy bird alights, ere like the swallow he flies away,) and I like to see the grass waved light, for its inscription—the words to which the heart responds, "Dust to dust." Let the grass still time shall be no longer—till the graves give up their dead; "Mother!"—"Husband!"—"Child!" Then and then only can human nature think! what language more eloquently measure the height and depth of human love and depth of repentance!

And so, as I read those simple words at "Laurel Hill," my heart responded to them, and I said unto to me, save by the common bond of bereavement; and that I passed on—until I came to an Arabian's tent, and still I had to be the world when there are no such distinctions as vulgar crimes and heroic acts. But whoever goes there, whoever goes to decent blood, whoever disturbs the peace of society, to gaudy mercenary rods, whether selfish or not, here the broad cloak of charity, lies on the violence and terror would soon cease. In our land we have learned an evil spirit by repeating the words which, having been done on a smaller scale, would have wrought that same dense of reform and murderers. Let the reader make the application as shall seem to him most fit.

THE CHILDREN.

We take much pride and pleasure in calling attention to the fact that George D. Prentice, Esq., has undertaken the management of the juvenile in addition to the editing of his "Wit and Wisdom" department. Although Mr. Prentice is confessedly the most accomplished wit of the age, yet his incomparable achievements in this respect are but the merest specks of his genius. He is a tender and genial, and enduring flame, which best manifests itself in the form of and song. Some of the flowing measures of poesy all the sentiment and power of heart, brilliancy of wit, and depth and force of imagination for which he is so distinguished, have fall scope for their exhibition, and rendering his performance in this field of literature with the most unapproachable.

PRETENSION.—Nothing is more dissimilar than natural and acquired politeness. The first consists in a willing abnegation of self; the second in a compelled recollection of others.

SOCIETY.—Society rarely pardons those who have discovered the emptiness of its pleasures, and who can live independent of it and them.

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

On hearing sentence pronounced, a few days ago, in the United States District Court, in this city, upon the three Spanish desperadoes, who, some time since, killed at sea the captain of the American ship, "The General Parrott," we were deeply impressed with the majesty of the law, when properly administered, and also with the terrible situation of the prisoners, in a strange land, surrounded with the paraphernalia and solemnities of death, conscious that their doom was being pronounced by the imposing men before whom they stood, and yet unable to understand a word of the language which he was speaking. The prisoners, two of them young, fine and vindictive looking men, had been convicted of manslaughter on two separate indictments; and the judge sentenced them to hard labor in the penitentiary for three years, and one thousand dollars fine on each conviction, besides their punishment six years in the penitentiary, and two thousand dollars fine, the imprisonment to continue until the fine is paid. The sentence was pronounced in a low, mild, but inflexible voice, which produced a thrilling effect; and this was followed by a statement to the prisoners, through the sentence to the prisoners, in their own language, by a Spanish tongue. It came upon them with stunning effect, and they drew closer together, as if to ward off or repel their doom. By order they unmanned together, and the head of them addressed the interpreter, who informed the judge that the prisoners said they could not pay even a very small fine, that of course it would be impossible for them each to pay $1,000, and they would like to know the consequence of not paying it. "You will have to remain in prison until the fine is paid," said the judge, through the interpreter; "unless the President of the United States shall see fit to remit a part or the whole; and considering the atrocity of your crime, I feel it my duty to say to you that there is no probability that he will interfere to mitigate or shorten your imprisonment." This declaration seemed to crush the spirits of the unmanned together, and as the interpreter left them together, and led them from the room, they bowed their heads in utter despair.

OBEY THE LAW.

It is a very common thing to grumble and fret at the law's delay, and in times of excitement everybody is too apt to clamor for the immediate execution of punishment. But we have yet to see a sensible man, or somebody—to crush whatever the sin—to punish popular resentment may happen to be. The wise man is there who, if he sees an object of private vengeance, or public hostility, would not be gladly enthusiast himself within the sacred precincts of the LAW and ask for time to summon his witnesses, and prepare his defence, and have fairly stated to twelve of his countrymen solemnly sworn to judge impartially! Through hypocrisy, and by low villains sometimes escape unwhipped of justice, it is true; but, is it not better than that the innocent should be recklessly sacrificed? Is the gray supremacy to a mob is to place weapons of death in the hands of the ignorant and unthinking maniac, who will slay on the right hand and on the left, in the wildest frenzy?

Our only unity, therefore, is in the inviolability of the judicial shield which the State has thrown around us. The moment an overriding of its law is permitted for any purpose, a precedent is established for the commission of its gravest crimes, and instead of living under the safeguard of mutual and honorable justice, while impunity sets out violence and punishes with dignity, we shall find exposed to the ravages of private and revenge and infuriated passion. By taking the law into their own hands, on the pretext that justice will not be done on the judicial tribunals, people only inspire the values of their own institutions, and destroy the influence of their own power and property, and set an example of lawlessness which will be followed by anarchy, vested rights, government and ultimately decay civilization itself. When institutions of government are not what they should be, the duty of those who live under them is to reform them, not to render them null and void, and to regard by treating them with contempt.

HORRID CRUELTY.

The grandnieces of the Commune of Chateauneuf have just perpetrated a most horrible deed. For seventeen years old, named Loret, confined in the corner of an old shed, almost without a roof, and without a heap of straw, in such a disgusting state of filth that the smell of the place made them sick. Some others after. Here, the poor lad, for his theft, instigated thereto by his second wife, lost his reason. Here, without sign of clothing, and with barely sufficient food to sustain life. In endeavoring to mitigate the cold, the boy had torn down some boards from the side of his shed, had become so completely cramped that he lost the use of his limbs. While he was lying in this wretched condition, his step-mother would visit the place and beat him with a stick. Finally the tyrannical father and Semblable step-mother were arrested as soon as the boy was discovered, and conducted to prison, while the victim of their inhumanity was carried to the hospital. A short time since, Loret and his wife were tried for the crimes committed at Reimes, convicted, and condemned to death. In this country the latter would probably have been acquitted, or in some way lonnegged justice. We always feel a thrill of emotion on reading the certainty and speediness with which crime is punished in European countries.

AN "UNFORTUNATE" MAN.

An acquaintance of ours tells a good story concerning a family who were some neighbors of his. The husband was the lady of the family was constantly going to return home to London, whence they came to this country some years before; but her husband, she said, would not return because he "employed" not yet been forgotten there. She harped so much on these "misfortunes" of her husband, that one day her husband, who had worn, when, to his infinite surprise, she told him, without the slightest embarrassment, that she referred to a few pounds which her husband had been detected in that city. The joke on the husband's part was a "misfortune" may be, and prepared him not to be surprised in case this "unfortunate" gentleman should ten years hence, several hundred dollars borrowed money ——which he never did.

PRIDE AND POVERTY.

Pride and Poverty!—Pride and poverty are the most ill-assorted companions that can meet. They live in a state of continual warfare, and the sacrifices they exact from each other, like those claimed by conviction to establish a hollow peace, only serve to increase their discord.

GREAT MEN.—Mountains appear more lofty, the nearer they are approached; but great men, in certain their solitude, must only be viewed from a distance.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.—BY GEO. D. PRENTICE, ESQ., OF THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

SEVERAL persons communicating with spirits have been recently examined by them to eat nothing for several days. If spirits have neither stomach nor body, that is no good reason why they should be so ill-natured as to interfere with the bodies of those who are better off.

A TRULY editor wonders if we are not often the victims of rumors. Of course we are. We do not think he is in any danger of such a fright. As he was never also to see the light himself, we will hardly be able to discern by glare.

A TUTTLER who had an awful squint, used to express his regret that his eyes were not matches. "It is hardly to get a light from them," he would say. "Sir, if they were, your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

"I LOVE you nothing," said an unfaithful wife to her father; "for far from having served me, you have always stood in my way." "I see by all these tears here," replied he, "how he the most kind of my rich grandchildren."

IN hearing a political candidate describe the sort of representative that he thinks the people ought to have, we are reminded of a man who said that he was about to draw an exact portrait of himself.

THERE are two sorts of cats. We doubt the wisdom of the man who says that he has no use for them. Even a poor fellow's back can stand that the other has a tail.

GENERAL WALKER of Nicaragua, is generally considered the most notorious man of the day. This is not to be understood in a sense in which we consider that the poor fellow has frequently had a hard time of it.

NICARAGUA FILLS seems likely to lose what but recently was the most wide-spread reputation. The authorities there have determined to put a stop to the swindling practices of runners, sub-lets, and others.

A YOUNG lady at Rochester became very ill from eating cucumbers. We have known several hyper thumbsyes seriously by over exertion in attempting to get to sound in a crowd.

IT is said that the fashion of inflating ladies' dresses is about to give way to that of wearing none. But

SONG.

BY ALICE CARY.

Away in the off land,
Away in the inland sea,
Where grow the cocoa and date,
There lie she sleeps,
With spirit arms cold,
I clasp close the love which I cared to create.

It never had being
As I gave it being,
It lives in the deep my heart doth deprive,
Of sunshine and peace
Of magnificent pleasure
Twas I that created it and made it alive.

And can it be night,
And can it be day,
To me that the shadow of death is on me,
And when I am blind
With spirit arms cold,
To clasp close the love which I dared to create.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Self-Condemned," &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SKIPPER'S DAUGHTER.

"This should become a noble creature, she
Has all the strength that should accompany
A goodly vessel of glorious elements,
Fitted to sweep majesty to her will." Byron.

How gloriously the next day, across the summer sun upon that green and blooming and undulating island!

Madame, from the rose-wreathed balcony of her front chamber window, looked out upon the delightful scene, upon some picte elysium, conjured by the crystal seal. It was indeed an enchanting vision! The whole lake was carpeted with a brilliant fairy flora, sparkling with dew-drops, and enamelled with flowers of every elegant form and beautiful color and delicious fragrance!—myriads upon myriads of roses, rose-bushes, rose-trees, and rose-vines—roses clustering, climbing, twining and twining, everywhere—columns and colonnades, pillars, arbors, balconies, trellises, and arbors, all wreathed and covered and veiled and festooned with roses, that flushed all the green hills with their intense and vivid blushes, and filled the air with their rich aromas! There were groves of ornamental trees of luxuriant leaves and fragrance—the flowering almond with its delicate perfume, and soft white blossoms, seeming as if a fall of summer snow had lighted on its branches; the lemon, with the scent of the honey shade and clustering purple tufts and odoriferous bracts; the red-bud with its brilliant green foliage and scarlet-drops; the stately tulip-poplar, with its fair magnolia balls; the quivering aspen, with its sensuous color; the imperial magnolia, with its deep green, shining leaves, and "tall Arabia's spires" in pure white wax-like cups; orchards of peach, apple, cherry, apricot and plum-trees, all crowned with their pink, white or variegated flowers; walks flanked with raspberries, gooseberries, and currant-bushes, all in full bloom now. And, lastly, through the intervening branches of the fragrant flowering locusts that overhung the silvery meshed bosom, gleamed the snow-white sails of the fairy barque, the "Sylph," that flattered in the morning breeze like the wings of some sensuous sea-bird—beyond this fashed and sparkled the deep blue sea, and above all glowed the crimson, purple, and golden glory around the rising sun!

Madame had scarcely taken in this sublime, beautiful and enchanting vision, when Louis reposed at the outside door and announced that the breakfast, the host, and his master, all waited Madame's pleasure.

She descended to the breakfast parlor, where she found the table spread, and Monsieur Henri equipped for his journey.

And after the morning meal of rich coffee, delicate bread, fine hair and delicious fruit and cream, Monsieur Henri announced himself ready to obey the orders of Madame, and gallantly conducted her to the barque.

The Sylph was a beautiful sail-boat, gaily painted green on the outside, and white and red within. Her deck and ropes and sails were clean and nice as lady's face and hands could be made. From the mainmast streamed a snow-white pennant studded with the golden bees of France.

Four negro sailors in neat straw hats, blue shirts and white trousers, stood in readiness waiting commands. They doffed their hats to the master and the lady, as they took their stations.

Monsieur Henri assisted Madame to gain the deck, and seated her in a comfortable willow-chair under a canopy in the stern.

Louis placed himself at the helm, the four sailors manned the capstan, the anchor was weighed, the sails filled, and the Sylph floated out upon the blue and sparkling water.

As they sailed from the eastern extremity of the Island, they were obliged to "beat ship" and make half the circuit of the island in order to reach the Northampton coast that lay off to the westward.

After a delightful sail of three hours they came in sight of the main land, with its rolling hills and valleys, and dark green woods and meadows.

A beautiful but solitary shore.

No house in all its length but were ever one—an old, half ruined, grey stone mansion, standing far out upon a point of land glimmering into the sea, and half hidden by the ancient forest trees around it.

"That is Bristol Headland, where we are going ashore," said Monsieur Henri—walking forward and giving orders to the men to strike sail and cast anchor near the shore.

A small skiff was then let down from the side of the boat for Monsieur Henri and Madame got into it, followed by Louis, who took the single oar and rowed rapidly towards the beach, which they reached in a few minutes.

Monsieur Henri with the air of the Chevalier Bayard, or the Grand Monarque, handed Madame from the boat, drew her arm within his own, and with the air of a gold-headed cane began to help himself and her up the rugged ascent of the bank.

An they reached its top, and stood upon a level with the old, dilapidated house, some three or four wild, leafless handsome, knights kept an eye to see who was coming. Two great Newfoundland dogs that lay upon the broken, stone steps, sprang up, but were immediately restrained by the appearance of a very handsome, dark haired girl of about thirteen years of age, who came to the front door, and laying a hand on the head of each favorite, said—

"Down, Wind! Down, Wave! Behave, boys! How dare you then! Don't you see it's Monsieur Henri!"

The dogs, still growling, unwillingly submitted, and the handsome brunette came down the old moss-grown steps to meet her visitors.

"Welcome Monsieur Henri! but you must forgive the dogs; they know you of course; it was the stranger lady they objected to," said the brown maiden, extending her hand to the old gentleman, who took and shook it cordially and held it coolly, while he said—

"Ah, Barbara Barbara still brighter than ever, my brave girl. Why what a woman you are growing! And how is the old skipper? Eh, Barbara?"

"And a bark, ye, Monsieur!"—she said, mysteriously leading towards him and whispering so low that but the last words of her communication were heard—"for Madame."

"Oh! Barbara! Barbara! you develop little smuggler! I ought to deliver you to the authorities!"

"No, no, Monsieur. They are for Madame—the sweetmeats," said the girl.

"For Madame?! Very well. I have not presumed you to Madame! I must do so?" he said, taking her hand with a droll formality, turning her about facing the lady, and continuing—

"Madame L'Orient, my sweetheart, Barbara Barbara! And the handsome young mate! Eh, Barbara?"

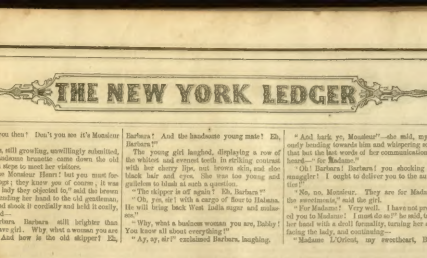
The young girl laughed, displaying a row of the whitest and evenest teeth in striking contrast with her sherry lips, but brown skin, and she black hair and eyes. She was busy fixing and guileless to think at such a question.

"The skipper is off again? Eh, Barbara?"

"Oh, yes, sir! with a cargo of flour to Batavia. He will bring back Batavia India sugar and cinnamon."

"Why, what a handsome woman you are, Barbby! You know all about everything?"

"Ay, sir, sir!" exclaimed Barbara, laughing.



INTERVIEW BETWEEN ESTELLE AND BARBARA BRANDT.

tor. In a word, Madame felt herself constrained to defer her projects to some more favorable opportunity.

Monsieur Henri concluded his business, and they turned their horses' heads downward.

It was near sunset when they reached the headland and Barbara Brandt's old ruined house.

Barbara had tea ready for them. The table was set out under a great elm tree, and covered with imported, if not smuggled luxuries, such as guava jelly, sardines paste, potted meats, etc., which Barbara smilingly declared, had never been spoiled by the sea.

After tea they took leave of their bright, young hostess, and returned on board their barque. They sailed homeward by moonlight and arrived at sunset next day.

During this time, Madame made many similar attempts to convict her benefactor of mania; but always without success; for though as long as Monsieur Henri De L'Ile confined himself to the Island, he was for six days of the week a king, and on the seventh a pope, yet just so soon as he left the shores he received any one from the outside world upon an equal footing—a pale, cheerful, clear-headed country gentleman, whom it would have been madness to disagree with himself. But whether on the isle or off it, whether king or countryman, Monsieur Henri ever remained the same grave, reserved, warm-hearted host, friend and master, dispensing happiness to all who lived on his lovely isle, because his benignant rule.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

"Within the island's calm retired scene
Her lord a sceptred sway did win."

MILTON.

"She was a form of life and light
That seen became a part of night;
And rose where'er it turned my eye
The morning star of memory." BYRON.

And so, as the rosy summers slipped away, in the accustomed flow and happy ebb, the fair princess Belle "Princess of the Isle," budded from infancy into childhood. She was a lovely and loveliest vision that ever visited a poet in his most inspired dreams. The bride of a sea shell was not more pearly white, or fairer with a rosier delicateness that, than her fair, transparent complexion! Her eyes of the purest violet color, were more delicate than her shining ringlets; nor the modest violet of her purple, more than her browning eyes. Yet blended, as she was, her fair face was a softened image of a dark-lady whom we have seen before. It was as if a dainty violet-bud had been copied in water colors from a fine portrait in oils. Her light hair and roseate face of Belle was, in fact, a delicate transcript of the beautiful dark head of her mother, Estelle.

The life of this lovely child on the delightful Island was a heavenly dream. It was not even brighter with enchanting illusions than the usual life of childhood. She was taught to believe that the grave, good, benignant old gentleman, her great-uncle, was indeed a king; that she herself was a little princess, and that the whole Island had was her hereditary kingdom. "Within the limits of this retreat she lived a sort of charmed life," never leaving her beautiful home, never even desiring to leave it. In the pleasant mansion her education was conducted by Monsieur Henri, who instructed her in what are called the solid branches of education, and by Madame, who gave her lessons in music, dancing, and embroidery. Out of the mansion, by Monsieur Henri's express commands, she was left to herself and to nature. Here she lived at liberty in a paradise, the influences of which rendered beauty more forever hallowed her graceful stillness from breaking into unseemly romping. Here she played with the flowers, with the innocent freedom of the squirrel, or the bird that hopped from the topmost bough of a tree of their sumptuous branches would be presence—and learning to climb as the kitten learns; or with the tamest harem, bathing in the blue waters of the sea until her limbs grew familiar with the waves, and she learned to swim them, as the young swan learns to swim. Thus her physical organization was in the fullest way of a full and beautiful development.

And if this star-bright Ebola was taught to believe herself a princess, she was the no less instructed to consider her position a high and holy trust for the welfare and happiness of those soon to be dependent on her. Nor were these instructions so very far from the truth as at first view they might appear. For if this lovely girl were not indeed the princess she was certainly the *heiress*, and would be the *absolute mistress* of the Island and of the people upon it, over whom she would possess more than a queen's power, and for whom she would also feel more than a queen's responsibility. And so the young creature felt it. No artful, thoughtless, childish exactions, ever embittered the unvarying sweetness of her manners to those who labored in her fields, or waited in her halls." No harsh word ever passed the lips or fell from her voice in speaking to them. No dark frown ever clouded the brightness of her face in looking upon them. And just as surely nothing but smiles and blessings and devoted service were here, from those affectionate creatures.

Madame was anxious to disabuse the growing girl of her royal imaginations; but Monsieur was resolved to preserve her proud and beautiful illusions. And the only occasion on which Monsieur was ever known to give way to furious passion, was one morning when he happened to overhear Madame inform Belle—that she was not a princess, she was only a miserable little beggar, dependent upon the bounty and caprice of her grandfather, who for from being a king was only a wretched old lunatic!

Upon hearing this, Monsieur Henri burst like a storm into the room, and striking his heavy cane upon the floor, roared forth in a voice of thunder—

"Woman!—I have borne much from your ingratitude and deceit; but I dare again to decide the royal descent of your princess, and you shall pay for your treason with your exile!"

There was an awful pause.

"Madame! do you hear?" thundered the old infuriate.

Madame did hear, and turned whiter than the handkerchief that she pressed to her bloodless lips, while her eyes dilated with terror until a white circle floated around their black balls. She was not past the power of speech, and could only gasp inarticulately after the old man, as he haughtily strode from the room.

"Oh-h-h! Mon Dieu, what a situation!" exclaimed Madame, when she had recovered her breath—"the old beast! the old madman! the horrible old ogre! But how have I wretched me to come here and put myself in his power! Grand Dieu! and I am out of the reach of succor! Oh Ciel! If he should take it into his crazy brain that I am plotting, he would—of with my head in the twinkling of an eye! Dear! Dear! Dear! Dear! And this yellow demon of a Louis, who never grimaces but to frighten me, and who is a fiend, people, would do it for him! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! that is to become of me? I am in a fearful way, but evil fate has committed to the care of a furious madman!"

And half crazy with fear, Madame seized the bell-rope, and rang a peal that presently brought Louis hurrying to her side.

"Did you ring, Madame?"

"Yes! Louis! I should think I did. It is you I want! Come here! Tell me now—supposing that I should attempt to escape from this island how to order an execution, what would you do?"

"Madame, pardon, I do not comprehend. I know not your meaning."

"Diable! Suppose, then, that my brother-in-law, Monsieur, his majesty, the King of the Island, were to order you to cut off the head of a fellow-servant! what should you do?"

"I should obey him, Madame."

"You would! Well, suppose he were to command you to decapitate a member of his own family?"

"I should do it, Madame."

"Then you would deserve to be hanged!" cried the lady, breaking into a cold sweat.

Louis bowed respectfully.

"And—supposing it were even my own head?" she gasped.

"I should have to take it off, honored Madame."

"Mon Dieu, I shall go crazy! Begone!" the Louis bowed deeply and retired.

Madame leaned back in her chair, pressing her handkerchief to her pale stricken and ghastly face.

And from that day forth, Madame L'Orient never felt her life, for an instant, secure from the suspicion of a madman. She never ceased to complain against the peace and dignity of the king," and only found relief in the reflection that during her personal safety until she could make her escape from the Isle.

She wished above all things to return to Paris, where she hoped that her "misfortune" as she called it, would be kept a profound secret. She had to go to Paris and reside there comfortably, respectably, and unobtrusively, that her child might "run the seed of generosity, she doubted in the instance of Belle, whether the child would ever know what she would consider sufficient funds. However, she broke the matter to him, and found Monsieur Henri more than willing to accede to her request in the matter of her desires. But when she mentioned her wish to take her child with her, Monsieur Henri grew sick as once upon the ground, which was his form of strong emotion, and would not hear of it. Madame conceived to leave the little girl with him.

A very favorable opportunity offered for her departure. The "Sylph," with Louis in charge of the "Mercury," was lying off the Headland, shipping a cargo of tobacco preparatory to sailing for Batavia. The vessel was engaged for Madame L'Orient.

Accordingly on a fine day in June, Madame bade adieu to her little grand daughter, and gallantly handed by Monsieur, and followed on board the pretty Sylph, and sailed for the Mercury lying off the Headland. A three hours' run before the wind brought them to the vessel's side, where they learned that owing to a delay in the shipping of the cargo, the Mercury could not well weigh anchor until the next tide. There was nothing for it but to wait for the next tide to take Madame to the house of Barbara Brandt to wait a few hours for the sailing of the skipper.

Here Louis set on the Headland new guns running and more clumsily mended than ever.

The black-skinned, white-haired, colored boys had grown into fine lads.

Here she played around into a buxom brunette, with a finely developed form, hair like the purple-black clusters of the falcon's wing, and eyes like the glance when flying through the air. A splendid creature was this wild sea-coast maiden! and Madame L'Orient learned anew, lesson in the lesson gazed upon her in unqualified admiration as she stood upon the deck of the Mercury.

"Walk up, Monsieur! walk up Madame! I am happy to see you!" she said, smiling and clapping her hands with all her former childish glee. "Walk up!"

"Yes! it is all very well for you to keep on repeating—'Walk up' and 'walk up,' when one had as well attempt to 'walk up' the side of a perpendicular wall!" said the old man, ruefully; and with his right hand he planted his cane on a sort of grappling hook and with his left arm dragged

the weight of Madame up the toilsome, steep ascent.

"Give me your head, Madame," said Barbara, laughingly stooping and extending here to the lady, who seized it and nearly pulled her good-natured assistant down, before gaining the top of the ascent. But Barbara possessed a firm foot and a strong hand, and safely hoisted her charge.

"Grand Ciel!" exclaimed Madame, regaining after the performance of the feat.

They went on to the house, ascended the rickety stairs of the portico, and entered the large, cheerful hall. Four spacious rooms, two on each side, opened into the hall. This privacy was the only habitable part of the house. Barbara turned the latch of the first door to the left, and admitted her guests into a large but scantily furnished parlor, without carpet or curtains, with only a dozen black oak chairs, a black oak table, and an engraved portrait of Paul Jones over the mantle-piece. This was the most comfortable and best furnished room in the house. Barbara seated her guests, brought them refreshments, and excused herself, and went into the adjoining hall to resume her occupation—the packing of a last trunk for her eldest brother, John, now a fine boy of sixteen, who was going to the Mercury to make his first voyage. While Barbara filled the trunk, the old man watched her through the open door, laughing at her laughing head an occasional jest.

"Well, my girl Barbara, so John is going to sea?"

"Going to see what, Monsieur?" mocked the merry maiden.

"Ah! la pauvrite! but tell me, pretty Barbara, is the handsome young mate going on this trip?"

This time the girl was putting forth so much strength as to command her undivided attention to the trunk, that it threw the blood to her face in torrents of crimson, and she remained silent. And Monsieur Huet did not press the question.

Monsieur and Madame stayed and dined with Barbara and in the afternoon the whole gentleman attended his sister-in-law to the Mercury, saw her comfortably ensconced in her small, dark lower of her there, and returned to his burgee. In going home, he boarded at the Headland ferry, and so chose for a moment to ask Barbara a question alone.

"Now tell me, bright Barbara," he said, "is the handsome young mate going this trip?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Monsieur," Barbara answered from my father—he is his right-hand man, as the saying is."

"I did not see him aboard ship."

"He is on the main, hurrying up some bogheads of tobacco that are to go in the hold."

"Ah! Well, when it is to be, my pretty Barbara?"

"What, Monsieur?"

"Ah! he to have no secrets between you and me, my girl?"

"Well, Monsieur, I do not mind telling you alone," said the young girl, blushing brightly, while she answered frankly:—" When he returns from his voyage, Monsieur, he says that he will give up the command of the Mercury to him."

"What will then become his vessel?"

Barbara blushed, smiled, and nodded assent.

"And your brother, John?"

"He makes his first voyage now; afterwards he will be mate to Julius."

"What! he thought it was John's place who was to be mate to Julius?" said the old man shyly.

Barbara trimmed, then laughed aloud, and said—

"I wish it could be so! I do so love to go to sea! my heart has gone there often!"

"After Julius?"

"Before and near or heard of Julius," said the girl, in slight displeasure.

"Oh! I see it! I know it, my girl! You must pardon the jests of an old man who takes a father's interest in you. Good night, my dear—good night," said Monsieur Huet, cordially shaking her hand.

"Good night, dear Monsieur Heur!"

Monsieur De Lille turned to depart. The inquiries he had put to Barbara Brande were not from idle questions of gossip. He took, as he said, a father's interest in the fortunes of his motherless girl, and had a private plan of his own for forwarding the prosperity of herself and her betrothed. He remained in Europe, and Barbara saw the gas light. And the next day, with the first tide, the Mercury weighed anchor, and set sail for Havre.

Madame, after a prosperous voyage of two weeks, arrived at Havre and traveled post to Paris. She reached that capital a few days previous to the arrival of her son Victor, with whom she then soon had the happiness of meeting her husband.

She accompanied him to England when he proceeded thither to claim his bride as has been shown.

And when he failed in this enterprise, she recommended him to file a petition for leave from the Spiritual Court of Arches, to please the affair in the hands of a competent attorney to manage during his absence, and then to return for America, and take up his residence with his intended bride, and husband, and brother, and friends! King of the blue; but who would nevertheless receive his wife with open arms, and gladly have consented to accompany her son and re-establish herself on the island where she had spent with Barbara Brande.

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Barbara Brande was quick-witted, humorous and merry by nature, and her father's constant companion from her infancy, so that she had acquired a man's knowledge of the world, and a man's power of observation, and a man's habit of speaking his mind. Her father, Captain Brande, was a man of strong sense, and of a character that commanded respect. He was a native of Boston, and had been a sea-faring man from his youth. He had commanded a merchant vessel in the West India trade, and had married a young lady of Boston, who died in giving birth to her only daughter, Barbara. Captain Brande had then retired from the sea, and settled himself on a small farm on the Jersey shore, opposite the city of New York, and had lived there ever since, with his motherless daughter, and a few old negroes, who had been his father's slaves, and whom he had manumitted.

Barbara was a beautiful girl, with a fine figure, a handsome face, and a profusion of dark brown hair. She was a fine horsewoman, and a fearless swimmer, and a skilful boatwoman. She had been her father's companion in all his sports, and had learned to shoot, to fish, to row, to sail, to swim, to ride, and to manage a boat in the roughest weather. She had been her father's companion in all his sports, and had learned to shoot, to fish, to row, to sail, to swim, to ride, and to manage a boat in the roughest weather. She had been her father's companion in all his sports, and had learned to shoot, to fish, to row, to sail, to swim, to ride, and to manage a boat in the roughest weather.

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"Forgive me, lady, my feelings betray me into indiscretion, sometimes."

"I am fearful, indeed, my girl, that you are not safe," said Mrs. Estel, gravely.

After this there was a pause for some moments, and then Mrs. Estel said—

"Was that the only occasion upon which you saw him here, Rosa?"

"Yes, Madam; but I knew before that he was here."

"You knew it before, Rosa, and never warned me?"

"You would not permit me to tell you of the shipwreck, lady."

"So, no! I cannot bear to hear of the shipwreck. There are wrecks of the heart and soul, God knows, that roam upon the ocean equals! And—but we were speaking of love; and I do not see what the shipwreck you talk of has to do with him, since, thank Heaven, he was not wrecked."

"It has everything to do with him, dear lady! You have confided yourself to this room ever since you arrived in the city, never once going out—never seeing any one here—never looking at a newspaper—never hearing any news, and not even permitting me to speak to you of a subject that is the universal talk of the city, yet of which you know nothing. And, dear lady, it has become thing to do with Lord, Manlower, since his heroism upon the sad occasion is the subject of universal applause."

"Applause! truly, applause would seem the natural attendant of Lord Montrosor's movements; but I would to hear what special act of his lordship called forth the applause you mention."

"To explain it, my lady, I should be obliged to speak in detail of that which is improper, of which you have refused to hear."

"Proceed, Rosa, proceed and have done with it, my girl; for I perceive that neither you nor I will have any power until I have consented to listen to all the horrors you have to tell me. Only be brief, then, and spare yourself and me as much as possible;" and the lady, and resting her elbow on the arm of the chair, and leaning her forehead upon the palm of her hand, she composed herself into a listening mood.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE BRIDE.

BY EMMA ANNE SHUMOON.

She kneels before the altar,
To pledge a solemn vow;
Softly the words are spoken,
He shadows over her brow.
And now the silvery tones sank,
A tear drop dims her eye,
Yet she gently came to greet her,
She comes them with a sigh.

A sigh!—she does not doubt the truth
Of the one vow he pledged!
Ah! no—her trustingly she meets
And clasps who made them true.

She thinks of her father's beaming smile,
And her mother's softer one;
She feels his hand in her gauzy cloth,
And his kiss upon her cheek.
She is leaving the love that cherished her
For one that must yet be tried;
Yet on the past she casts the cloud
That casts on that her young bride.

It has passed away like the mist that floats
Upon the morning air,
Should sorrow be found in her future path,
May it vanish as quickly be.
May the blessings showered on a bride-hood bend
Never be less than now;
May grief never shroud her sunny locks,
Or furrow that noble brow.

EVENING DUTIES;

OR,

THE TWO CITY CLERKS.

A LIFE-LESSON FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY STEPANOE COMB, JR.

"Show me how a young man spends his evenings, and I will show him his future success," said I with all you at once his future prospects."

There is much truth in this; and an incident of real life is now present in my memory which may help "point the moral" I design to convey.

Oliver Haslon and Albert Ryder were of the same age; both were reared in the same town; they had equal advantages in all useful and ornamental points; and the most acute observer of human nature could not have told which of the two would be the best man. They were at near alike as two youths could be, and even their parents considered their moral and pecuniary positions of the same degree. They were good, honest, and generally respected lads and associates.

At the age of fifteen, these two boys came to the great city. Their parents had obtained good places for them, and bright hopes beguiled the future for both. Oliver Hudson was placed in the store of a merchant named Elisha Rushton, and Albert Ryder took a position exactly corresponding in the store of Hugh Burton. Both the merchants were respectably; both honorable men, and both engaged in the same kind of business.

A year passed away, and at the end of it time the two boys had become pretty thoroughly acquainted with city life and city society; and both had formed a habit of spending their evenings either in the streets, or at some place of entertainment. Their companions did not differ much in the example.

One evening, they were both present at a party given by a friend, and they both partook rather freely of wine. On that evening, Oliver Hudson awoke with a severe head-ache, and with a very unsettling feeling pervading his whole frame. It was his first debauch. He had frequently taken a glass of wine before, and thought it no harm; it brought to view that his character was not unhappy were its to know it.

On the second occasion, Oliver felt badly. The idea that he had committed a heinous crime was not with him; but he knew that he had done wrong. It was the first touch of the barbed point to his soul. Innocent in intent, the result of his sin was heavy upon him. Could he have confessed on in the same course, the next morning's sorrow would not have been so deep, and would lighter still—until, by and by, familiarity with the feeling would have blunted it to the soul, and it could be laughed off over a glass of "plain soda."

But this was the first fall, and the youth was startled. The events of the previous night were dim and indistinct in his memory after ten o'clock. He had been intoxicated! He had been in social companionship with those who were not good men. He loved his head and thought of his mother.

Angelic presence! God surely sent him in this all-important hour!

There came a tap upon his door, and the servant handed in a letter. It was from his mother! It contained twenty dollars in bank-notes, with her good counsel and love. She wrote him all the news, and finally closed her letter thus—

"Oliver, my own dear boy, suffer me to speak with you upon a subject that is of the most vital importance to you and to me. O, my son! there is no one on earth to lead you in the right path, I know your love for your mother would guide you aright, and yet I cannot help praying for you continually. Every night I am upon my knees asking God to bless and guide you. When you hear the clock strike nine in the evening, you may feel that you can join your prayers with mine, for then am I praying for you. Remember your mother, and your father, my husband, and your brother and sister in every thing. Write to your confidence. You will not forget the Bible, my son, and you will read it with a prayer that it may guide you, and help you to be a good man."

Oliver read this letter of money, because how poor boy is not sufficient to supply him with many superfluities. This will probably touch, at first perusal, only the fleshy heart. I know that my son will make a good use of the money, and not waste it." Then he read over the books are of a true, manly character; and caution stood before him with pleasing to your mother. I know that in the darkness your heart would not approve of your conduct, and that your mother would not approve of it; but your conscience will tell you that you have not done right."

The angel came at the right moment. Oliver read these two paragraphs over a second time, and then fell to weeping. He knew that he was to his mother as the apple of her eye—as the very joy-fount of her soul. He had done wrong, and grieved her he would do! Had he done as his own good sense told him he should have done? No. He knew that beyond the bound of right, the slight step is wrong. He folded the letter carefully up and put it away, and then knelt down and prayed to his Jesus. He stood on a few moments, and finally he turned his eyes homeward.

"Morning," he said, in a deep, heart-sent tone, "I will not go out this evening—and why?"

Albert Ryder awoke on that same morning with a head-ache, too. But, alas! he had an evil adviser with him.

"One glass of brandy, Al, and you'll be all right!"

So Albert took the glass of brandy, and under the same influence of suffering he took another.

On the next evening Albert came around to Rushton's store and asked Oliver to go out to dine with him. But Oliver said he had an engagement he could not break.

And so evening after evening, Albert came after him in friend—now for a while—got a call on Broadway—now for a while—got a call on Broadway, for a game of billiards—and always it was the same answer. "I am engaged!"

"Look ye, Oliver," cried Albert, as he came one evening for his friend to go and see a new circus company, "what do you mean? What are all these engagements? Aint there a female in the question?"

"Yes, Albert,—I must acknowledge that there is."

"Aha—I've found you, then! I a female, eh? Oh, Oliver, I'll tell you! But who is she? Come—out with it: Who is she?"

"*My Mother, Albert!*"

"Eh? your mother?" repeated the giddy youth, with a sudden softness of tone. "I didn't know she was in the city!"

"Nor is she, Al. But her noble, prayerful love is with me; and my sacred promise to her is with me."

"But you used to go with us, Ol.; you were not thus a month ago."

"Because I did not realize how surely I was falling away from my promise," replied Oliver, promptly. "I was forgetting the best counsel I ever got together. On the next morning I had a headache."

"So did I, Ol.; but I soon got over it."

"And so did I get over mine—not over my headache, for that lasted all day—but over the evil and while spending my evenings abroad. I now how I was degrading from the position of one who lives only for the good of her children. No, Albert—I cannot go with you to-night. I have looked at the matter in all its bearings, and I know there is no safety for us in spending our evenings abroad. The influences are all bad. In this great city the good and pure influences of life are confined to the home circle, and certain social privileges of good people. They are not found in the streets, and much less are they found in those saloons which we have sometimes visited. No. Let us break from them. Come to my room. My mother has sent me money, and I have bought some valuable books. Come to my room, and we'll read them to each other. Come!"

"No, no, Oliver—not now. Come you with me. Come this once, at least."

"Ah—*this once* is a dangerous step, Al. One step from the path of Right is *Wrong! No*—I will not go with me, we will pass our evenings together. Come, Albert, before I change my mind. You know your mother loves you as well as my mother loves me, and you ought to be equally sad to know that you had fallen—"

"Pshaw! I tell you, Oliver! Do you suppose I have no eyes? Don't you suppose I know what is right, and what isn't? Do you suppose I'm going to be shut up in your room and then shut myself up in a house all night? And for a whole week? Not by a jug full!"

"You misunderstand me, Albert. I don't shut myself up at all night. I have my evening duties, and then for exercise I walk down to the Battery every morning before the store is open."

"Pooh! That's the time when I want to sleep. But you want go with me, then?"

"No, Albert."

"Well, then I must find somebody else. And, mind you—on the three days we'll see if you don't change your mind."

"If I find I am wrong, I most certainly shall," was Oliver's reply, as his companion walked away.

The two youths had supposed that their conversation was heard only by themselves; but they were mistaken in this. They had stood by the door of the counting room, and Mr. Rushton was within, though he had not yet lighted the gas. He had just started up for that purpose when the first request of Albert Ryder was made known, and at desire to hear what would be his young clerk's reply induced him to listen to it. He heard the whole; and he was not sorry.

Elisha Rushton was a good and true man, caring nothing for opinions which sound reason would not sustain, and ready to do all the good which lay in his power. Once he had been the victim of trying to overlook the moral characters of his clerks, and of winking at their faults, and offering them assistance in the path of Right. But he had only received for his pains, neglect of his efforts, and had been imposed upon in his second. So now he had established the one rule: He would give no advice which was not asked, unless he saw a youth in immediate danger; and all his clerks knew that any extended irregularity would be the sure signal for their discharge.

For three months after the conversation took place between Oliver and Albert the former was watched by his employer very narrowly. There seemed to be a subject of more than ordinary import occupying his thoughts; for sometimes, when he could gaze unnoticed upon the handsome, happy, healthful face of Oliver, he would sit for half an hour without once removing his eyes from the object of interest.

One evening, as Oliver sat alone in his chamber, the servant-girl came and informed him that a gentleman was waiting at the street door, and the youth bade her to show him up; and in a few minutes afterward he was met by a little surprised upon seeing his employer—the wealthy merchant himself—enter his room.

The customary civilities were passed, and then Mr. Rushton sat down and looked around. He saw a well-furnished apartment, and a fine set of books; a few choice pictures upon historical subjects, and a table covered with writing materials, paper and ink, drawing materials, and a flute. The youthful occupant of the room was seated upon a bed, and the merchant's carefully placed in which he had left off reading, and saw that it was "Cowper's Poems."

"Do you read Latin?" Mr. Rushton asked.

"Not much, sir," replied the youth, modestly. "I studied it some when at school, and I thought I might as well devote a part of my time to that as not. I find that I can get along very well by reading a little every evening."

"Ah—indeed! And do you spend every evening here?"

"Almost *all*. I go to a good lecture now and then."

"Then you don't go out much evenings?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you like it?"

"I should like to walk out either, perhaps, if there were any pleasant places in which to walk; but this city doesn't afford many such, sir. I like to spend my evenings of *study* and of plenty of pleasure abroad in the evening."

"I understand you, my child; you like a healthful pleasure, after all. I fear many of them are positively injurious, and all the rest of them of doubtful *tending*. No, sir—I find no pleasure abroad. I will not say that there is none to be found. There may be, but for a long time I have been most in search of real pleasure to be found in our great city by close observation, and I have come to the conclusion that there is none to look for it. It is not meant that the city is void of good, or of even pleasure, but that it is not to be found."

"Well—go on. You are what?"

"Why, sir, I do not feel able to trust myself in the society of those with whom I presumes away from home every evening. I may be weak, but if I am I have a strong conviction that I am. Besides, I have one consolation: If I don't venture near the fire I shall not get burned."

"You are right, Oliver—very right," returned the merchant, warmly; and then he added, in a sort of business tone—

"But I must broach the subject upon which I called. Would you like your present salary?"

"Why, sir—I like it as well as I think I should like any other salary I want to have, sir," replied Oliver, somewhat surprised.

"Would you object to changing it?" pursued Rushton.

"Of course not, sir, if you wished it."

"Well, I do wish it; and I'll tell you why: I have a confidential family—and it will be one of my child—and I would like to have one of my clerks she was in the city! I want to have him come to counts at home; and then I often want to send business matters out of the morning which I wish to go down myself. If you'll come and board with me you shall have a better room than this is, and I will pay you twice as much as your three dollars and a half per week to buy books with; and I suppose you shall have the free use of my library."

"I can!"

"Speak out."

"I will do anything you wish, sir!"

The gentleman was pleased. He had supposed that the youth would have been deeply hurt at the proposal.

"I only wish you to please yourself, Oliver," he said, in a manner that was quite kind. "Perhaps you will speak plainly, sir, for I know you will not be offended," returned the youth, modestly. "My parents are not wealthy, but they are honorable and respected by all who know them. I appreciate your kindness to me, and I should not be happy—I—I—should not feel at home in any family where there was a class privileged above me. You may think me foolish—but—really, sir—"

"Yes—I think I see what you wouldn't mean," he he wished. At first a look of utter astonishment settled upon the merchant's face, but gradually it faded away, and in its place came the old expression of polite cime back.

"Well, Oliver," he cried. "You think I must to take you into my house, and place you on a social get with my family?"

"Yes, sir."

Oliver looked surprised in turn.

"Am I right?"

"Yy—yes, sir."

"And would you *heed* me for that?"

"Sir," replied the youth, "I presumed that you would propose nothing to a dependent which we cannot be proud of."

"Thank you, Oliver—thank you. But I meant no such thing. I have no son—I meant for you to come into my family as my friend and my honored and respected member of that family. Will you do so?"

Oliver Hudson started up and caught his employer by the hand. His independence rose to speak, and finally managed to say—

"I should be very happy, sir—very—I—"

"Enough!"

The dwelling of Elisha Rushton was one of those quiet, comfortable dwellings more happily felt than be noticed as the abode of wealth were is not for ostentation or display. It was in a pleasant part of the carriage-house. Where land is worth almost its own superficial area in silver coin, only great wealth can afford the luxury of a garden attached. Within the merchant's house all was substantial and good taste, and every thing comfortable. Even the pictures of the first class; the ornaments pleasing to the eye of taste, and the furniture of the most substantial to comfort.

Mrs. Rushton was a woman of sound, practical sense, and her husband was not the wife of a poor drink; and being able now to look back upon the past, he could see at every period of his life that he had been by her husband's side—never lagging behind her, but lifted up, nor pulling her along back.

They had but one child—a daughter—named Ellen, who was now fifteen—just a year younger than Oliver. She was what fashionable people would call "nice." She was not a beauty, because there was no particular "style" to her features. In short, she was a plain, good-looking girl, with health and rosy. Her face was a bed of roses and sweet smiles, and her laughter was inspiring. In short, she was one of those whom Love marks for its own. Her appearance inspired none of that awe and distant admiration which your set beauty commands; but the first feeling upon becoming acquainted with Emily Rushton was confidence and love.

And into that society was Oliver Hudson thrown. For awhile he seemed fearful of approaching too near; but gradually the feeling wore off, and at the end of six months they were free and easy in each other's society. And she feeling had not been Oliver's alone. No, no. Really had for a long time treated him differently from what she treated all other male acquaintances. She had been more distant and reserved, and far more respectful. But, as we just said, this all wore off, and they were as happy as it could be in each other's society. Oliver was a better looking youth than Albert, and one who talked better, and then he had that in his soul and brain which supplied the material for many a happy and profitable hour.

Three years had passed away from the time of the two boys' entrance into the great city. They were now in the nineteenth year of age.

"Albert Ryder was an excellent salesman, and as he was steady, and while in his business during business hours, his employers asked no questions. But Oliver Hudson was what many others did not see, to be looked through the eye of love and solicitude. He saw that Albert's face was not so fresh and full as it had been in the spy eye was not so clear and bright; and the step was not so firm and buoyant. "Albert," he said, as the two met one evening at the store of a mutual friend, who was on the verge of bankruptcy, and with whom the former had associated much of late, "will you let me speak a few plain words to you?"

"Yeah! Walk to do! I'll know all you would say, Ol."

"Then mind, let me speak. Come—let us walk."

There was something so calm and sincere about Oliver's manner, and at the same time so dignified, that Albert could not refuse; so they walked out. The latter commenced the subject, in a deep, earnest tone, "you are going down hill!"

"*Me? Down hill?*" repeated Albert, in surprise.

"Yes—you are going down hill. You are becoming careless in your business, and you have grown appetite—Don. Let me speak. I am addressing you as a friend—as your younger brother—as one who knows you well. Albert, you are going down hill. You are sacrificing for me. Albert, you are going down hill. You are sacrificing for me. Albert, you are going down hill. You are sacrificing for me

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

BY THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

Bear and forbear; this is love's wisest art;
Let both be skilful and practised from the heart.
Bear with your brother's weakness from below,
Like patient armor, beauty and defense.
Bear it, and lighter cause the burden grow;
Beneath it here, your arms grown a clasp.
Bear it and feel how—Love's own angel—bear and
Nor let your trifling wears a moment last.
Instead of the hot word and the angry look,
The fret reviving, and unbounded cross,
Be you to one fault, in love, content to see
Christ has yourself, who pardoned and chose with him.

The worst have victims, and the best have to
In each contrary by mind likeness forgot.
Could grateful memory the past renew,
What countless sorrow would awake in view;
And smiting o'er the blessed head, the new past,
The sky of hope no more be overcast.

FOREST SKETCHES---NO. 30.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER P. DURLAP.

A RIDE ON AN ELEPHANT.

"Well, boys," said my friend, as we collected around him on the last evening of our stay at Cadilla Lake, "I've got most through with my Africa jaunt. But I had one more adventure that I think is worth telling. Upon leaving the river, we took a stream to the southward, and, after a short distance out of the way, but I had business there, I took the south-eastern courses of a great table-land, within the territory of the Shoggie Tribes. Here were some very fine gold mines, and I hoped to make a good thing among the natives there.

"Towards the close of an intensely hot day, which we had spent upon the table-land, we came to a broad belt of mountain terrain near the Mombazes. Quite a stream was along the foot of the hills, and the foliage was green and rank. It was a pleasant place, and we considered ourselves fortunate in having reached it. We had some four or five hours of daylight left, but both we and our horses needed rest, and we concluded to halt.

"We had found good grazing spots for the animals, and I decided to give them some fresh water had shot in the morning, and were just bringing some water from the stream, when we were startled by a loud noise from the forest. I started to my feet and seized my rifle, and rushed to the edge of the wood, where a scene was presented to my eyes that affected me in several different ways at the same time. I was nevertheless filled with a delightful, and amazed all in a moment. A herd of elephants came, rushing over the open place, with their large trunks thrown aloft, and issuing and blowing from their throats, while the very desert quaked beneath the shock of their tread.

"They were coming directly towards the spot where I stood; and as soon as I could collect my thoughts, I understood why they had taken that course. The place we had selected for our camp was the only opening of any consequence to be seen from the plain. As we had approached the forest, it seemed to form a wall, a barrier of wood upon the river's bank, over the single break where we had pitched our tents. This, of course, the elephants had seen, and were making for the same passage.

"Abdur and Mads were quickly by my side, and as soon as the former saw the monsters, he assured me that they had been attacked by hunters, and had broken away. Said he:

"'I know it not by sight. They have been driven into a pen somewhere, and have broken out. He! and me!' he cried, as his keen, sharp eyes searched among the gigantic beasts, 'there is one with an arrow sticking into his shoulder.'

"I looked, and plainly saw the feathered shaft of a long arrow swinging to and fro upon the right shoulder of the leader of the herd. The animals were not that they were mad, and that if they saw us, we should stand good half of an hour in the very same to wreak their vengeance upon us. I nearly stopped long enough to see that there were at least a dozen of the elephants, and I almost decided to allow myself my companions upon a run.

"'They won't trouble the horses,' said Mads, as I suggested the idea of letting them loose. 'It's human beings that have been stirred up.'

"I walked to ask no more, for the huge mountains of living flesh were close upon us. At a short distance I saw a boy, up from the ground, and easily make my way.

"'Not there! not there!' cried Abdur, as he rushed past me.

"But I did not understand him; and if I had, I should have probably kept on, for I had no time to think further. The elephants were already within the opening. The first I had selected was a large one—tall and lithe—and thick with foliage. I had only leaped to see that it was not too far enough, and stout enough to carry me beyond reach, and to support the particular size of the tree for which I found that, I had not thought.

"I had fairly gained my perch, and was upon the point of swinging my rifle over my head, from which I cut, so as to balance myself, when the fearmost elephant—he with the arrow in his shoulder—passed directly beneath me. I felt easier. If he passed, the rest would, I thought. But not quite. Directly two more passed under me—one on each fourth. He reached the tree—he stopped—he raised a loud sniff—and then struck his tusks forwards me. 'Aha!' thought I; 'old chap, you don't quite come off!' But the tree seemed to know what I said, for no sooner were the words out of my mouth than he threw his trunk about the body of the tree, gave a vigorous jerk, and—

"This animal was the largest of the herd—larger I think than the foremost one. At all events, he was a monster, and I was not long in gaining an exhilarating view of his back. The first pull to gain the tree swayed it considerably; but that one satisfying. It seemed to be only a trial of the wood, as he was not going to use the power of which he was master, for he began to put forth his strength. His first touch was wound around the body of the tree some twelve feet from the ground, and not far from eight feet below where I stood, and there he pulled his strength. The tube true shook and bent like a reed. At the fourth or fifth sway I dropped my rifle. I found myself, as I fell, to go or go myself. I had long since had that I might be able to put to use; but in the moment I was gone.

"In less than half a minute I knew I must go. The infuriate beast shook the tree as though an earth-quake were at work upon it. My half was growing weak—my whole body ached—my head was swimming—and my breath was leaving me by bounds.

"At that moment, when I knew I must go, one of those thoughts came to me which often find upon a man when death stares him in the face. I knew shaken off, I should surely fall—and if I fell, of course I could exercise no control over the direction I might take. As this thought flashed through my mind, I gathered my remaining energies and made a spring for the elephant's back, and slighted directly upon his neck, just forward of the shoulders.

"The monster took his trunk from the tree, and gave it a fling at me, but without effect. He tried it four separate times, without hitting me. Twice he struck sideways, the blows falling behind me; and twice he threw his trunk up over his head, the blow falling short. I had, by the merest accident, gained the very point which the fellow could not reach with any great force. His neck could not be cut off his enormous proportions, but not with force enough to injure me. Or—if I am mistaken in this, as some pretend he is—

"he must have been so blinded with pain that he could not aim straight. But I am of opinion that there is a certain point on the shoulders which he cannot reach with a powerful blow.

"As soon as the animal found that he failed in that, he gave a tremendous snort, and started at full speed. The rest of the elephants were out of sight. Which way they had gone I could not tell. I could see nothing of them, nor could I hear anything.

"I tell you, boys, I began to feel that I had caught a Tartar. I had him fast enough, and he had me fast as fast. He struck off in an open path—a sort of sandy road in the wood—where a stream of water seemed to have at some time run. He went at a furious rate, snorting and bellowing, and ever and anon raising his head in anger.

"In a very few seconds, the water of the stream flooded in the light of the moonlight sea. The monster made for it and struck in. He was running a narrow river, and in a few seconds he was across. The opposite bank was low and sandy, and the edge of the wood not far from the water's edge. Here, then being a wide field of sand between it and the river. The monster leaped up the bank, and bounded for the wood. I now saw the tracks of his companions. They were plain enough in the moonlight.

"At this moment my heart was full. What had I gained should gain that wood I must not. There was no help for it. The trees were thick, and I should be swept off by the branches the first thing. I strained my eyes—I looked for help—I looked behind me and before, and I saw that there was no opening in the wood. The elephant could crash along through the dense growth by keeping in a straight line. Once in the first one could not help casting me off like a fox that takes a whirlwind.

"I had no time for reflection. Like a fish came to the surface of the water for prey; but on the instant I saw that that would only be sure death, for my bearer was surely only best upon revenge; and from the manner in which he struck at the wood, and from his short, vengeful snorts, I believed he was planning to distance me by running me against the intervening branches. I think there was no other reason for it.

"Half a minute had elapsed since the animal left the stream, and a large space was already cleared. We were approaching the wood at a terrific and frightful pace. In a few moments more—in a few minutes at the outside—I should be hit. It had been with the most astonishing exertions that I had managed to get myself upon the back of the monster. Suddenly a hope flashed upon me. I clung more closely to my place.

"I remembered all of reading about how elephant drivers in India sometimes kill their animals when they become crazy with rage. How could I now do it? I had my knife—a stout, sharp, keen, long knife, implanted in my belt. I drew it from its sheath, and grasped it firmly. Then I tried to calculate where was the spot beneath which lay the most vital parts of the animal. I knew the position of the heart, and my slight knowledge of the anatomy of the animal's creation guided me. Between the overlapping points of the knife upon the spot—just behind the shoulder—I knew that I could plunge it, unless myself that I was as near right as I could judge—and then I gathered myself for the effort.

"All power—all energy—all resolution—all nerve in my arms and shoulders. I clapped both hands upon the heavy hilt, and then bore the whole point penetrated the thick, sweat skin—it matched, I knew, with the most mighty effort, for the knife gave me a hold-fast now, and I was not to be entered to the hilt!

"The monster stopped and gave a sharp, nasal cry of pain—he shook like a quaking mountain—he reared—he plunged—he made a run for me to the contrary, he settled upon the sand just as an avalanche topples over the face of the butcher's and I watched his fall, and as he came down I was ready in safety to the ground.

"I found myself sprawl upon my fallen foe. For a full minute he lay as motionless as a stone. Then his huge body began to quiver, and then was thrown up—his head was raised—the heavy trunk lashed the sand—one more raising of the head—and then it fell back, and I knew that the beast was still and dead.

"I started back and swam the river, and met Abdur and Mads just coming from the wood to search for me. They had seen me, from their perches, ride past on my beast. They had overtaken; and when I told them what I had done they proposed that we should go and cut off the tusks if we could. I agreed to the venture, and we went. But it was no slight task to remove the massive ivories. However, by dint of chopping and hacking, the murderous jaws and skull, we at length succeeded in removing the body of the tusks from the ground, and not far from eight feet back where it stood, and there he piled his strength. The tube true shook and bent like a reed. At the fourth or fifth sway I dropped my rifle. I found myself, as I fell, to go or go myself. I had long since had that I might be able to put to use; but in the moment I was gone.

"In less than half a minute I knew I must go. The infuriate beast shook the tree as though an earth-quake were at work upon it. My half was growing weak—my whole body ached—my head was swimming—and my breath was leaving me by bounds.

"At that moment, when I knew I must go, one of those thoughts came to me which often find upon a man when death stares him in the face. I knew shaken off, I should surely fall—and if I fell, of course I could exercise no control over the direction I might take. As this thought flashed

story is proof enough that I reached home in safety."

And that finished Uncle Abner's story; and it was our last evening of real life in the Western Wilds. On the following morning we took leave of good old Uncle Abner, and kind, generous old Mauney, and then started for Bald Mountain. At St. Louis we parted with Carl; and as I held him by the hand for the last time, I saw a bright drop in his eye—I know there were several in my own.

Stout old Carl! He was rough and uncultivated in the habitues of society; but he had a noble heart and an upright soul,—serving a mean action—act

UNCONSCIOUS ELOPEMENTS.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

"*Partial!*" have they? Is it possible? and what for, pray?"

"Oh! they were not well mated—not at all congenial—and so for the happiness of both they have parted."

This came to our ears through the living, grouping, rallying, and jerking sounds of steam-horse and car. The ladies seated in the car behind ours took no sort of pains to suppress their tones—so that we did not feel delicate about overhearing them.

"What a pity," was the next thing that reached us. "*Pity!* a pity! such a fine establishment!—such beautiful gardens—such style as they lived in—really, it is quite melancholy to think of all this being broken up. I had supposed them very happy together."

"Oh! no—far from it. Things have been growing worse and worse between them for a long time. I think it is the best thing that Mrs. ——— can do to return to her own relatives. She will reside with my aunt for awhile, and so Mr. ——— is by no means a close man, she will be well provided for at the end of the year."

The conversation then underdered away to other things; and our ears became closed to the consequence of the profundity of the brown study into which the words had plunged us.

"Partial!" had they? It did not then matter what their names were or where they dwelt—they were a man and a woman, and they had parted. It was a great pity that the splendid establishment must close. Yes, indeed—who wouldn't be sorry? but then, wasn't it rather unfortunate that the two hearts which should have been so much more than all the establishments and palaces on earth could be, were closed to each other? Wasn't it a slight mockery to greet that the command of the Almighty Author of love, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," should be made to bring forth either blessing or curing, but the wrath which is poured out upon the wicked, and the sinful?

We could have thought it a little hard that these latter considerations were matters of minor importance; or rather of no importance at all. But surely it is enough to cause one to shudder through all one's soul to muse upon a deed that could be the unhappy pair. And the fact that such things are becoming so common makes a wellnigh fearful matter. What earlier effects will the result—if it be a strange?—that a wedding. Not that we wish strangers to die, but that we are so afraid of witnessing that dread shocking and awful of prejudice—a thing where true, long-suffering, and actual love is not.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. E.—It is foolish to attempt to force a young girl into a love which is distasteful to her, and you are the victim. The paradox of a star is the angle of that appears change of its position—caused by the annual revolution of the earth. When a vessel moves in the water, it is the water that appears to move, and the shore or the saucer the object the quickest apparent motion. A. B. C.—Yes, it is true that the sun appears to rise and set more round the sun, and consequently to travel one time 360 millions of miles from the position we occupied when it appeared to rise. The apparent immediate change to the relative position of stars at different distances, unless they are exceedingly remote, and the fact of the sun appearing to be being immeasurably small, proves the distance of the star from us to be immeasurably great. Many astronomers declare that they have measured the parallax of some of the fixed stars, but it is somewhat doubtful, however, whether the measurement of such a minute change can be made with sufficient accuracy.

ROSE WARNER, MAINE.—A correspondent writes from Maine to say that she has sent this writer a letter, and that the second she ever sent, but which has not been received. We have no knowledge of the letter referred to, as it has not been received at this office. We are sorry to hear that it is better always to pay when the work is done. We have only to say to this gentleman that, as a rule, we do not advertise in the system. Perused in his days of youthful gratification, he will see that it is not always desirable for name among the illustrious ones which fill and adorn the volumes of the world-renowned book of the New York Ledger.

BALTIMORE, C.—A subscriber writes from this city, and asks for information concerning the Sandwich Islands. Having inasmuch as he is constantly pestered by them. He says that he does not announce to the readers of the Ledger they are the ones who are to blame. There are so many of them that we have not room for them all, and we are not large enough to receive the multitude of communications who are too soon to subscribe for it, we hope the letter will be sufficient to answer that they are not. Our columns are often open. The leaders have the game entirely in their hands, and they must play it as they think proper.

A Woman says she is a tailoress, and has to depend upon her needle for the support of herself and her children and children, but that the tailors of the village in which she lives have formed a ring, and will not employ women; that she fears she will, therefore, be deprived of work, and that she will be obliged to go to the poor-house. Most of her wages are drawn out of employment by such a combination, and we are sorry to say that we know of no equal to the public, and they will be sustained in the end. We know of no other way to help them.

Another writes to know what we would think of parents who, after their daughter had become engaged, with their consent, to a young man, should endeavor to discourage the visits to her of another man, and take every possible occasion to have her go into company with him, and in the absence of her betrothed lover? We think such parents are very much to be censured, and that they are endeavoring to break up the match between their daughter and her lover. Such parents are not to be trusted.

ROSE.—We have never met with the couplet you mention, lately ——

"Night threw her mantle o'er the earth,
And all was still around."

You were probably thinking of ——

"Night threw her pall upon the earth,
And all was still around."

Which was written by Mrs. Hemans.

PRIMA.—When the "b" is not sounded, it is, not pronounced "—as" in mend; when the "b" is pronounced "—as" is used. But English printers make sad blunders in this respect. Thus: "The Bill of God is an high bill," should be printed, "the bill of God is a high hill," because the "b" in hath is aspirated.

LOUISIANA.—Write to know if it is proper for a young lady to kiss and bless, and attend a grand ball or banquet. As to the first proviso, that must depend upon circumstances; but we think that every noble nature has a decided partiality for the former.

MARY.—You cannot do better than to consult your mother in regard to any matrimonial projects you may have in view.

A TEXAS HUMBUG informed us that he has a sweet, deep, charming, emotion like with, of stones, "with the most thing he writes," means—he is afraid she will not pay cause for jealousy. They board at a fashionable hotel, and on the side of the table opposite to them, but some distance down, are a handsome stranger, who each upon, which he turns perfect on the face of our young husband's charming wife with; and the young husband thinks that his charming lady who knows it, and he runs believes that she, or she conceits, and a furtive, backward glance—is it Lo's—that he sees? Unconsciously to her, the lady has become the cause of jealousy, whatever she countenance to yourself and family. Better that they should board at a cheaper house, and be separated from the object of discovery. As long as you hold on to a criminal calling you cannot, of course, get into a respectable business, which is the case of much of the misery, suspicions and jealous nature as this—"young husband" unconsciously embarrassed to her.

CONSCIENCE.—This correspondent says he has been engaged in a dishonest business for some time, and that his conscience constantly stings him for it. He writes and has tried to get into an honest business, but to such, that if he knows his present occupation he fondly will suffice. "What shall I do?" he asks. Our reply is a question—Have you asked God, whether the disadvantages to yourself and family. Better that they should be poor and honest than rich and dishonest. As long as you hold on to a criminal calling you cannot, of course, get into a respectable business, which is the case of much of the misery, suspicions and jealous nature as this—"young husband" unconsciously embarrassed to her.

Mrs. Barnaby.—Is not a young Paris to write a piece, and ask it to her for her little boy, to speak at an exhibition, and she will not attach to the request any thing of value. It may be of service to many who have made, and assisted, and thought of a piece similar to that which you have written, they cannot possibly be complied with. Should a lawyer be called upon to plead the cause of a particular kind of a client, and should he refuse? Is not a client of charge to the school by would probably think that he was not a good lawyer? Answer these questions, and you will have your own answer. Little might possibly take the same view of such requests as they do of the one you have written a work.

P. S. J.—Indeed and Grace were used-fabulous heroines—of Protestant English legend. It was a orphan of Charlemagne, and Grace one of that monarchs twelve Paladins. Both were of the female sex. Both were splendid, and were equally confided in prowess, that it could not be determined which was the most valiant knight. But, after performing prodigies of valor, on the memorable field of Roncesvalles, Grace fell, and Roland by an accident of love, he espoused in love originated in their generous rivalry and equal prowess.

ANNIE.—We have not yet brought a copy of the Tales you valour advertised as containing the commencement of a novel by Charles Dickens. Grim Jr., you must have received that the tale is an old one, as the writer of that paper has the same in his possession. Should you not receive a copy upon the publish an old story for a nice are for the purpose of deceiving the public. We have never seen the advertisement. Mr. Gabb does not write for any publication whatever except the Ledger.

P. T. wishes to know what a young man should do who has been in the habit of calling on a couple of girls who live in opposite directions and at remote distances from each other? Wants it is a slight matter for a young man to get into between themselves which shall go home first. If you are a gentleman, you will not be at a loss what to do in the choice of the other, and then bow you for company to her home. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

CHARLESTOWN.—We do not think that a man who habitually drinks to excess in the presence of others is fit to live with a cigar in his mouth—who tells culprits of their criminality, and who, in the presence of his children, swears like a pickpocket, can be a gentleman, however fine his coat, and however much he may be considered a gentleman by his associates and weak-minded, and pretentious his manners.

E. M. S.—We do not advise a generous thing for a man with young children and grown-up children to marry a second time. Such a step is liable to be misunderstood with feelings and conflicting interests, and sooner or later to lead to unhappiness. Such a man should devote himself to his children, and to the memory of the wife who is dead, and to the right feelings.

M. G. B.—We retain the word "corpse" in our compositions, but we do not like it. We think it is a word that should be used in connection with the dead, and not with the "black man" or "white man." When we speak of an African, we prefer to use the word negro, instead of negress, the noun becomes a proper one and is then capitalized.

ANNIE.—We are not aware that the expression, "as an elephant is concerned, whether a gentleman lights a lady into a carriage, or leads her before a priest, or assists her in riding his horse, but if the animal were restive, he should do that which would be the most likely to quiet him, and so on the right hand side.

ANNIE.—It is not obligatory upon a beau to hand a lady money to draw into a contribution box. She might not wish to contribute, and the fact of his having a fee in the box contributes liberally himself and leave others to do as they please.

ANNIE.—We have not written a book for persons or geographical purposes of giving our opinion of them. We have not written a book for the purpose of communication in this respect, but we could not do it even if we had as many letters as Horace Greeley and as many as Argus.

C. H. R.—When the—"least Freeman" is finished, you can procure it of us. We send the "Life of Washington" each week from June 7th, 1856 the date of the commencement of the publication. We do not know of any publication that will furnish worth's beautiful story.

ANNIE.—We think we are so much annoyed by what your friends say in regard to your "attendants" acquaintance, that you had better at once break off with him if you are not willing to stay night that refutes upon his betrothed, or to your friends.

LEON.—We are not versed in matters pertaining to the law, and cannot answer your question. We would refer you to some practitioner, or one we say better informed in regard to the respective rights of husband and wife in such a case.

ANNIE.—This correspondent, who is a young lady, writes to know if it is proper for her to call upon a lawyer, a railroad conductor or telegraph operator, she having business with them. We see no reason why she should do so, provided they are moral and well-to-do young men.

ANNIE.—We do not think it proper for a young lady, under the circumstances you mention. You should at least consult your father in the matter, and let the gentleman endeavor to fathom in such a manner as to win your parents' consent to your union with him.

R. S. H.—A bath should not be prolonged more than half an hour, and the water should be as cool as can be generally as possible. As a general thing, warm baths are preferable to cold ones.

ANNIE.—We do not think that any young lady is the suggestion of the young lady's parents. If your love is of that kind, you will not consider it a task to wait for your husband until you become of age.

R. B. W.—Write with a view of exchanging satisfaction with ladies, and of addressing them, can only be learned by experience. Write as you feel, and your letter will be right when given by written or printed instructions.

ANNIE.—Your friend is right, and your black ink and in a place hand. If they want their communications attended to, they must write in a proper manner, and not reprehensible. You trying to our eyesight and patience.

R. B. W.—Write either to the United States Army to men not back by the Government to his place of enlistment, and he has not been discharged.

FRANCES.—You had better go through college. Your father is either a man of means or he is not. If your health may be reduced unless a remedy be at once applied.

MARGARET.—We have no knowledge of the manufacture of corn for ornamenting to which you refer, in the "Answers" of the Ledger for April 19th.

VIRGINIA.—We are much obliged for the friendly spirit which you have manifested.

FRANCES ROY.—The name "Eleanor" is pronounced El-ea-nor—three syllables.

G. H. TUCKER.—The members of the Lennox from the District of Columbia in the 16th of May will cost you eight cents.

FIRE SIGHT.—You could probably make a three months' visit to Europe for that amount.

SUBSCRIBER.—We know nothing about the "bridge that is to be built over the East River."

SUBSCRIBER.—You had better go through college.

"*A friend indeed is a friend that is to be answered in one word.*"